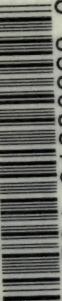


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Early English Dramatists

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THE DRAMATIC  
WRITINGS OF - -  
RICHARD EDWARDS  
THOMAS NORTON  
AND  
THOMAS SACKVILLE

THE  
TRAGEDIE OF GORBODUC,  
where of three Actes were wrytten by  
Thomas Norton, and the two laste by  
Thomas Sackvyle.

Chett forthe as the same was shewed before the  
Q VEN ES most excellent Maiestie, in her highnes  
Court of Whitehall, the xviii. day of Januari,  
Anno Domini. 1561. By the Gentlemen  
of Thynnes Temple in London.



IMPRYNTED AT LONDON  
in Fletestrete, at the Signe of the  
Faucon by Willm Griffith: And are  
to be sold at his Shop in Saincre  
Dumstones Churcbarde in  
the West of London.

Anno, 1565. Septemb. 22.

[A reduced facsimile of the title-page of the first edition  
(unauthorised) of "Gorboduc": see pages 177-8.]

882  
2022

Early English Dramatists

[Vol. 10]

The

*Dramatic Writings*  
of

RICHARD EDWARDS

THOMAS NORTON

AND

THOMAS SACKVILLE

COMPRISING

*Damon ana Pithias*—*Palamon and Arcyte* (Note)—  
*Gorboduc* (or *Ferrex and Porrex*)—*Note-Book and*  
*Word-List*

EDITED BY

JOHN S. FARMER

London

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# The excellent Comedie of two the moste faithfulest

*Freendes, Damon and Pithias.*

Rebly Imprinted, as the same was heued be-  
fore the Queene Maide, by the Children of her Chanc-  
Chappell, except the Prologue that is somewhat al-  
tered for the proper use of them that hereafter  
shall haue occasion to plaie it, either in  
Privates, or open Audience. Made  
by Master Edwards, then bygna  
Mother of the Chappell.

1571.



Imprinted at London in

Fleetelane by Richard Lohnes, and are to be  
solde at his shop, lyving to the Southwark  
doore of Paules Churche.

[Reduced Facsimile of Title-page of "Damon and Pithias," by Richard Edwards from a copy now in the British Museum.]

The Speakers' Names:

ARISTIPPUS, A PLEASANT GENTLEMAN

CARISOPHUS, A PARASITE

DAMON } TWO GENTLEMEN OF GREECE  
PITHIAS }

STEPHANO, SERVANT TO DAMON AND PITHIAS

WILL, ARISTIPPUS' LACKEY

JACK, CARISOPHUS' LACKEY

SNAP, THE PORTER

DIONYSIUS, THE KING

EUBULUS, THE KING'S COUNCILLOR

GRONNO, THE HANGMAN

GRIM, THE COLLIER



## DAMON AND PITHIAS

### THE PROLOGUE.

ON every side, whereas I glance my roving eye,  
Silence in all ears bent I plainly do espy: [see,  
But if your eager looks do long such toys to  
As heretofore in comical wise were wont abroad  
to be, [you sought  
Your lust is lost, and all the pleasures that  
Is frustrate quite of toying plays. A sudden  
change is wrought: [delight,  
For lo, our author's muse, that masked in  
Hath forc'd his pen against his kind no more  
such sports to write.  
Muse he that lust (right worshipful), for chance  
hath made this change,  
For that to some he seemed too much in young  
desires to range: [did offend,  
In which, right glad to please, seeing that he  
Of all he humbly pardon craves: his pen that  
shall amend. [dare avouch,  
And yet (worshipful audience) thus much I  
In comedies the greatest skill is this, rightly to  
touch [person so,  
All things to the quick; and eke to frame each  
That by his common talk you may his nature  
rightly know.  
A roister ought not preach, that were too  
strange to hear;

But as from virtue he doth swerve, so ought  
his words appear :  
The old man is sober, the young man rash, the  
lover triumphing in toys ;  
The matron grave, the harlot wild, and full  
of wanton toys.  
Which all in one course they no wise do agree ;  
So correspondent to their kind their speeches  
ought to be. [lively framed,  
Which speeches well-pronounc'd, with action  
If this offend the lookers on, let Horace then  
be blamed,  
Which hath our author taught at school, from  
whom he doth not swerve,  
In all such kind of exercise decorum to observe.  
Thus much for his defence (he saith), as poets  
erst have done,  
Which heretofore in comedies the self-same  
race did run.  
But now for to be brief, the matter to express,  
Which here we shall present, is this : Damon  
and Pithias. [legend-lie,  
A rare ensample of friendship true—it is no  
But a thing once done indeed, as histories do  
descry—  
Which done of yore in long time past, yet  
present shall be here,  
Even as it were in doing now, so lively it shall  
appear.  
Lo, here in Syracuse th' ancient town, which  
once the Romans won,  
Here Dionysius' palace, within whose court this  
thing most strange was done.  
Which matter mix'd with mirth and care, a  
just name to apply, [comedy.  
As seems most fit, we have it termed a tragical

Wherein talking of courtly toys—we do protest  
 this flat!— [but that.  
 We talk of Dionysius' court, we mean no court  
 And that we do so mean, who wisely calleth to  
 mind  
 The time, the place, the authors, here most  
 plainly shall it find.  
 Lo, this I speak for our defence, lest of others  
 we should be shent :  
 But, worthy audience, we you pray, take things  
 as they be meant;  
 Whose upright judgment we do crave with  
 heedful ear and eye  
 To hear the cause and see th' effect of this new  
 tragical comedy. [Exit.

[*Here entereth Aristippus.*

*Arist.* Tho' strange (perhaps) it seems to  
 some  
 That I, Aristippus, a courtier am become :  
 A philosopher of late, not of the meanest name,  
 But now to the courtly behaviour my life I  
 frame.  
 Muse he that list; to you of good skill  
 I say that I am a philosopher still.  
 Lovers of wisdom are termed philosophy—  
 Then who is a philosopher so rightly as I?  
 For in loving of wisdom proof doth this try,  
 That *frustra sapit, qui non sapit sibi.*  
 I am wise for myself : then tell me of troth,  
 Is not that great wisdom, as the world go'th?  
 Some philosophers in the street go ragged and  
 torn, [scorn :  
 And feed on vile roots, whom boys laugh to  
 But I in fine silks haunt Dionysius' palace,  
 Wherein with dainty fare myself I do solace.

I can talk of philosophy as well as the best,  
 But the strait kind of life I leave to the rest.  
 And I profess now the courtly philosophy,  
 To crouch, to speak fair, myself I apply  
 To feed the king's humour with pleasant de-  
 For which I am called *Regius canis*. [vices,  
 But wot ye who named me first the king's dog?  
 It was the rogue Diogenes, that vile grunting  
 hog.

Let him roll in his tub, to win a vain praise :  
 In the court pleasantly I will spend all my  
 Wherein what to do I am not to learn, [days;  
 What will serve mine own turn I can quickly  
 discern.

All my time at school I have not spent vainly,  
 I can help one : is not that a good point of  
 philosophy?

*Here entereth Carisophus.*

*Caris.* I beshrew your fine ears, since you  
 came from school, [fool :  
 In the court you have made many a wise man a  
 And though you paint out your feigned philo-  
 sophy,

So God help me, it is but a plain kind of flattery,  
 Which you use so finely in so pleasant a sort,  
 That none but Aristippus now makes the king  
 sport.

Ere you came hither, poor I was somebody ;  
 The king delighted in me, now I am but a  
 noddy. [self best,

*Arist.* In faith, Carisophus, you know your-  
 But I will not call you noddy, but only in jest.  
 And thus I assure you, though I came from  
 school [king's fool ;  
 To serve in this court, I came not yet to be the  
 Or to fill his ears with servile squirrility.

That office is yours, you know it right perfectly.

Of parasites and sycophants you are a grave bencher,

The king feeds you often from his own trencher. [favour—

I envy not your state, nor yet your great Then grudge not at all, if in my behaviour

I make the king merry with pleasant urbanity, Whom I never abused to any man's injury.

*Caris.* By Cock, sir, yet in the court you do best thrive,

For you get more in one day than I do in five.

*Arist.* Why, man, in the court do you not see

Rewards given for virtue to every degree?

To reward the unworthy—that world is done :

The court is changed, a good thread hath been spun [was liked,

Of dog's wool heretofore; and why? because it And not for that it was best trimmed and picked :

But now men's ears are finer, such gross toys are not set by; [apply :

Therefore to a trimmer kind of mirth myself I Wherein though I please, it cometh not of my But of the king's favour. [desert,

*Caris.* It may so be; yet in your prosperity Despise not an old courtier: Carisophus is he, Which hath long time fed Dionysius' humour : Diligently to please still at hand: there was never rumour

Spread in this town of any small thing, but I Brought it to the king in post by and by.

Yet now I crave your friendship, which if I may attain,

Most sure and unfeigned friendship I promise  
you again :

So we two link'd in friendship, brother and  
brother,

Full well in the court may help one another.

*Arist.* By'r Lady, Carisophus, though you  
know not philosophy,

Yet surely you are a better courtier than I :

And yet I not so evil a courtier, that will seem  
to despise [wise.

Such an old courtier as you, so expert and so  
But where as you crave mine, and offer your  
friendship so willingly, [courtesy :

With heart I give you thanks for this your great  
Assuring of friendship both with tooth and nail,  
Whiles life lasteth, never to fail.

*Caris.* A thousand thanks I give you, O  
friend Aristippus.

*Arist.* O friend Carisophus.

*Caris.* How joyful am I, sith I have to  
friend Aristippus now !

*Arist.* None so glad of Carisophus' friend-  
ship as I, I make God a vow.

I speak as I think, believe me.

*Caris.* Sith we are now so friendly joined,  
it seemeth to me

That one of us help each other in every degree :  
Prefer you my cause, when you are in presence,  
To further your matters to the king let me  
alone in your absence.

*Arist.* Friend Carisophus, this shall be done  
as you would wish :

But I pray you tell me thus much by the way,  
Whither now from this place will you take  
your journey? [against friendship.

*Caris.* I will not disseminate; that were

I go into the city some knaves to nip  
 For talk, with their goods to increase the  
 king's treasure—  
 In such kind of service I set my chief pleasure :  
 Farewell, friend Aristippus, now for a time.

*Exit.*

*Arist.* Adieu, friend Carisophus—In good  
 faith now,  
 Of force I must laugh at this solemn vow.  
 Is Aristippus link'd in friendship with Cari-  
 sophus ?

*Quid cum tanto asino talis philosophus ?*  
 They say, *Morum similitudo consuit amicitias* ;  
 Then how can this friendship between us two  
 come to pass ?

We are as like in condition as Jack Fletcher  
 and his bolt ;

I brought up in learning, but he is a very dolt  
 As touching good letters ; but otherwise such a  
 crafty knave, [have :

If you seek a whole region, his like you cannot  
 A villain for his life, a varlet dyed in grain,  
 You lose money by him if you sell him for one  
 knave, for he serves for twain :

A flattering parasite, a sycophant also, [foe.  
 A common accuser of men, to the good an open  
 Of half a word he can make a legend of lies,  
 Which he will avouch with such tragical cries,  
 As though all were true that comes out of his  
 mouth.

Where[as], indeed, to be hanged by and by,  
 He cannot tell one tale but twice he must lie.  
 He spareth no man's life to get the king's  
 favour, [savour  
 In which kind of service he hath got such a  
 That he will never leave. Methink then that I

Have done very wisely to join in friendship with  
him, lest perhaps I  
Coming in his way might be nipp'd; for such  
knaves in presence  
We see oftentimes put honest men to silence:  
Yet I have played with his beard in knitting  
this knot: [words—  
I promis'd friendship; but—you love few  
I spake it, but I meant it not.  
Who marks this friendship between us two  
Shall judge of the worldly friendship without  
any more ado.  
It may be a right pattern thereof; but true  
friendship indeed  
Of nought but of virtue doth truly proceed.  
But why do I now enter into philosophy  
Which do profess the fine kind of courtesy?  
I will hence to the court with all haste I may;  
I think the king be stirring, it is now bright  
To wait at a pinch still in sight I mean, [day.  
For wot ye what? a new broom sweeps clean.  
As to high honour I mind not to climb,  
So I mean in the court to lose no time:  
Wherein, happy man be his dole, I trust that I  
Shall not speed worst, and that very quickly.

*Exit.*

*Here entereth Damon and Pithias like  
mariners.*

*Damon.* O Neptune, immortal be thy  
praise, [seas  
For that so safe from Greece we have pass'd the  
To this noble city Syracuse, where we  
The ancient reign of the Romans may see.  
Whose force Greece also heretofore hath known,  
Whose virtue the shrill trump of fame so far  
hath blown.

*Pithias.* My Damon, of right high praise we  
ought to give [arrive :  
To Neptune and all the gods, that we safely did  
The seas, I think, with contrary winds never  
raged so ;

I am even yet so seasick that I faint as I go ;  
Therefore let us get some lodging quickly.  
But where is Stephano ?

*Here entereth Stephano.*

*Stephano.* Not far hence : a pox take these  
mariner-knaves ;  
Not one would help me to carry this stuff ; such  
drunken slaves  
I think be accursed of the gods' own mouths.

*Damon.* Stephano, leave thy raging, and let  
us enter Syracuse,  
We will provide lodging, and thou shalt be  
eased of thy burden by and by.

*Stephano.* Good master, make haste, for I  
tell you plain [pain.  
This heavy burden puts poor Stephano to much  
*Pithias.* Come on thy ways, thou shalt be  
eased, and that anon. *Exeunt.*

*Here entereth Carisophus.*

*Caris.* It is a true saying, that oft hath been  
spoken,  
The pitcher goeth so long to the water that he  
cometh home broken. [sith I  
My own proof this hath taught me, for truth,  
In the city have used to walk very slyly,  
Not with one can I meet, that will in talk join  
with me, [to snatch,  
And to creep into men's bosoms, some talk for  
But which, into one trip or other, I might  
trimly them catch, [meet  
And so accuse them—now, not with one can I

That will join in talk with me, I am shunn'd  
like a devil in the street.

My credit is crack'd where I am known; but,  
yet I hear say, [prey;

Certain strangers are arrived: they were a good  
If happily I might meet with them, I fear not,

I, [finely.

But in talk I should trip them, and that very  
Which thing, I assure you, I do for mine own

gain,

Or else I would not plod thus up and down, I  
tell you plain.

Well, I will for a while to the court, to see  
What Aristippus doth; I would be loth in

favour he should overrun me;

He is a subtle child, he flattereth so finely, that  
I fear me

He will lick all the fat from my lips, and so  
outweary me.

Therefore I will not be long absent, but at  
hand,

That all his fine drifts I may understand.

*Exit.*

*Here entereth Will and Jack.*

*Will.* I wonder what my master Aristippus  
means now-a-days,

That he leaveth philosophy, and seeks to please  
King Dionysius with such merry toys:

In Dionysius' court now he only joys,

As trim a courtier as the best, [jest;  
Ready to answer, quick in taunts, pleasant to

A lusty companion to devise with fine dames,  
Whose humour to feed his wily wit he frames.

*Jack.* By Cock, as you say, your master is  
a minion: [alone

A foul coil he keeps in this court; Aristippus

Now rules the roasts with his pleasant devices,  
That I fear he will put out of conceit my master  
Carisophus. [and brother,  
*Will.* Fear not that, Jack; for, like brother  
They are knit in true friendship the one with  
the other; [both,  
They are fellows, you know, and honest men  
Therefore the one to hinder the other they will  
be loth.

*Jack.* Yea, but I have heard say there is  
falsehood in fellowship, [the slip :  
In the court sometimes one gives another finely  
Which when it is spied, it is laugh'd out with  
a scoff, [off :  
And with sporting and playing quietly shaken  
In which kind of toying thy master hath such  
a grace, [face.  
That he will never blush, he hath a wooden  
But, Will, my master hath bees in his head;  
If he find me here prating I am but dead.  
He is still trotting in the city, there is some-  
what in the wind;  
His looks bewray his inward troubled mind.  
Therefore I will be packing to the court by and  
by; [pie !  
If he be once angry, Jack shall cry, woe the  
*Will.* By'r Lady, if I tarry long here, of  
the same sauce shall I taste,  
For my master sent me on an errand, and bade  
me make haste;  
Therefore we will depart together. [Exeunt.

*Here entereth Stephano.*

*Steph.* Ofttimes I have heard, before I  
came hither,  
That no man can serve two masters together;  
A sentence so true, as most men do take it,

At any time false that no man can make it :  
And yet by their leave, that first have it  
spoken, [open :  
How that may prove false, even here I will  
For I, Stephano, lo, so named by my father,  
At this time serve two masters together,  
And love them alike : the one and the other  
I duly obey, I can do no other.  
A bondman I am, so nature hath wrought me,  
One Damon of Greece, a gentleman, bought  
me.

To him I stand bound, yet serve I another,  
Whom Damon my master loves as his own  
brother :

A gentleman too, and Pithias he is named,  
Fraught with virtue, whom vice never defamed.  
These two, since at school they fell acquainted,  
In mutual friendship at no time have fainted.  
But loved so kindly and friendly each other,  
As though they were brothers by father and  
mother.

Pythagoras' learning these two have embraced,  
Which both are in virtue so narrowly laced,  
That all their whole doings do fall to this issue,  
To have no respect but only to virtue :  
All one in effect, all one in their going,  
All one in their study, all one in their doing.  
These gentlemen both, being of one condition,  
Both alike of my service have all the fruition :  
Pithias is joyful, if Damon be pleased :  
If Pithias be served, then Damon is eased.  
Serve one, serve both (so near), who would  
win them :

I think they have but one heart between them.  
In travelling countries we three have contrived  
Full many a year, and this day arrived

At Syracuse in Sicilia, that ancient town,  
Where my masters are lodged; and I up and  
down [ing,  
Go seeking to learn what news here are walk-  
To hark of what things the people are talking.  
I like not this soil, for as I go plodding,  
I mark there two, there three, their heads  
always nodding,  
In close secret wise, still whispering together.  
If I ask any question, no man doth answer :  
But shaking their heads, they go their ways  
speaking ; [ing :  
I mark how with tears their wet eyes are leak-  
Some strangeness there is, that breedeth this  
musing. [using,  
Well, I will to my masters, and tell of their  
That they may learn, and walk wisely together :  
I fear we shall curse the time we came hither.

*Exit.*

*Here entereth Aristippus and Will.*

*Aristippus.* Will, didst thou hear the ladies  
so talk of me?

What aileth them? from their nips shall I  
never be free?

*Will.* Good faith, sir, all the ladies in the  
court do plainly report [no sport :  
That without mention of them you can make  
They are your plain-song to sing descant upon;  
If they were not, your mirth were gone.

Therefore, master, jest no more with women in  
any wise; [price.

If you do, by Cock, you are like to know the  
*Aristippus.* By'r Lady, Will, this is good

counsel: plainly to jest  
Of women proof hath taught me is not the  
best :

I will change my copy, howbeit I care not a quinch;

I know the gall'd horse will soonest winch :  
But learn thou secretly what privily they talk  
Of me in the court : among them slyly walk,  
And bring me true news thereof.

*Will.* I will sir, master thereof have no doubt, for I [factly. Where they talk of you will inform you *Aristippus*. Do so, my boy : if thou bring it finely to pass,  
For thy good service thou shalt go in thine old coat at Christmas. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Damon, Pithias, Stephano.*

*Damon.* Stephano, is all this true that thou hast told me ?

*Steph.* Sir, for lies hitherto ye never controll'd me.

O, that we had never set foot on this land,  
Where Dionysius reigns with so bloody a hand !  
Every day he sheweth some token of cruelty,  
With blood he hath filled all the streets in the city :

I tremble to hear the people's murmuring,  
I lament to see his most cruel dealing :  
I think there is no such tyrant under the sun.  
O, my dear masters, this morning what hath he done !

*Damon.* What is that? tell us quickly.

*Steph.* As I this morning pass'd in the street,  
With a woful man (going to his death) did I meet.

Many people followed, and I of one secretly Asked the cause, why he was condemned to die.

[Who] whispered in mine ear, nought hath he done but thus, [nysius : In his sleep he dreamed he had killed Dio- Which dream told abroad, was brought to the king in post, [hath lost. By whom, condemned for suspicion, his life he Marcia was his name, as the people said.

*Pithias.* My dear friend Damon, I blame not Stephano [is so, For wishing we had not come hither, seeing it That for so small cause such cruel death doth ensue.

*Damon.* My Pithias, where tyrants reign, such cases are not new, Which fearing their own state for great cruelty, To sit fast as they think, do execute speedily All such as any light suspicion have tainted.

*Steph. (aside).* With such quick carvers I list not be acquainted.

*Damon.* So are they never in quiet, but in suspicion still, When one is made away, they take occasion another to kill : Ever in fear, having no trusty friend, void of all peoples' love, [they prove. And in their own conscience a continual hell

*Pithias.* As things by their contraries are always best proved, How happy are then merciful princes, of their people beloved !

Having sure friends everywhere, no fear doth touch them : They may safely spend the day pleasantly, at night *securè dormiunt in utramque aurem.* O my Damon, if choice were offered me, I would choose to be Pithias,

As I am (Damon's friend) rather than to be  
King Dionysius.

*Steph.* And good cause why; for you are  
entirely beloved of one, [none.  
And as far as I hear, Dionysius is beloved of  
Damon. That state is most miserable;  
thrice happy are we,  
Whom true love hath joined in perfect amity:  
Which amity first sprung—without vaunting  
be it spoken, that is true—  
Of likeness of manners, took root by company,  
and now is conserved by virtue;  
Which virtue always through worldly things do  
not frame,  
Yet doth she achieve to her followers immortal  
fame: [only,  
Whereof if men were careful for virtue's sake  
They would honour friendship, and not for  
commodity.

But such as for profit in friendship do link,  
When storms come, they slide away sooner  
than a man will think. [issue,  
My Pithias, the sum of my talk falls to this  
To prove no friendship is sure, but that which  
is grounded on virtue.

*Pithias.* My Damon, of this thing there  
needs no proof to me,  
The gods forbid, but that Pithias with Damon  
in all things should agree.

For why is it said, *Amicus alter ipse*,  
But that true friends should be two in body,  
but one in mind? [against kind  
As it were transformed into another, which  
Though it seem, yet in good faith, when I am  
alone,  
I forget I am Pithias, methinks I am Damon.

*Steph.* That could I never do, to forget myself; full well I know, Wheresoever I go, that I am *pauper* Stephano: But I pray you, sir, for all your philosophy, See that in this court you walk very wisely. You are but newly come hither; being strangers, ye know [go: Many eyes are bent on you in the streets as ye Many spies are abroad, you can not be too circumspect.

*Damon.* Stephano, because thou art careful of me, thy master, I do thee praise: Yet think this for a surety: no state to displease By talk or otherwise my friend and I intend: we will here,

As men that come to see the soil and manners of all men of every degree. [stage, Pythagoras said, that this world was like a Whereon many play their parts: the lookers-on, the sage.

Philosophers are, saith he, whose part is to learn The manners of all nations, and the good from the bad to discern.

*Steph.* Good faith, sir, concerning the people they are not gay, And as far as I see, they be mummers; for nought they say, For the most part, whatsoever you ask them. The soil is such, that to live here I cannot like.

*Damon.* Thou speakest according to thy learning, but I say, [everywhere; *Omne solum forti patria*, a wise man may live Therefore, my dear friend Pithias, Let us view this town in every place,

And then consider the people's manners also.

*Pithias.* As you will, my Damon; but how say you, Stephano? [repast? Is it not best, ere we go further, to take some

*Steph.* In faith, I like well this question, sir: for all your haste,

To eat somewhat I pray you think it no folly; It is high dinner time, I know by my belly.

*Damon.* Then let us to our lodging depart: when dinner is done,

We will view this city as we have begun.

*Exeunt.*

*Here entereth Carisophus.*

*Caris.* Once again in hope of good wind, I hoise up my sail, I go into the city to find some prey for mine avail: [lately I hunger while I may see these strangers that Arrived: I were safe, if once I might meet them happily.

Let them bark that lust at this kind of gain, He is a fool that for his profit will not pain: Though it be joined with other men's hurt, I care not at all:

For profit I will accuse any man, hap what shall.

But soft, sirs, I pray you hush: what are they that comes here?

By their apparel and countenance some strangers they appear. [while, I will shroud myself secretly, even here for a To hear all their talk, that I may them beguile.

*Here entereth Damon and Stephano.*

*Steph.* A short horse soon curried; my belly waxeth thinner, I am as hungry now, as when I went to dinner:

Your philosophical diet is so fine and small  
That you may eat your dinner and supper at  
once, and not surfeit at all.

*Damon.* Stephano, much meat breeds heaviness : thin diet makes thee light.

*Steph.* I may be lighter thereby, but I shall never run the faster.

*Damon.* I have had sufficiently discourse of amity,

Which I had at dinner with Pithias ; and his pleasant company  
Hath fully satisfied me : it doth me good to feed mine eyes on him.

*Steph.* Course or discourse, your course is very coarse ; for all your talk  
You had but one bare course, and that was pike, rise, and walk.

And surely, for all your talk of philosophy,  
I never heard that a man with words could fill his belly.

Feed your eyes, quoth you ? the reason from my wisdom swerveth,  
I stared on you both, and yet my belly starveth. [fine memory.]

*Damon.* Ah, Stephano, small diet maketh a  
*Steph.* I care not for your crafty sophistry.

You two are fine, let me be fed like a gross knave still ; [will,

I pray you licence me for a while to have my At home to tarry, whilst you take view of this city ! [very witty.]

To find some odd victuals in a corner I am

*Damon.* At your pleasure, sir : I will wait on myself this day ;

Yet attend upon Pithias, which for a purpose tarrieth at home :

So doing, you wait upon me also.

*Steph.* With wings on my feet I go.

*Exit.*

*Damon.* Not in vain the poet saith, *Naturam furcâ expellas, tamen usque recurret* ; For train up a bondman to never so good a behaviour, Yet in some point of servility he will savour : As this Stephano, trusty to me his master, loving and kind, [find. Yet touching his belly a very bondman I him He is to be borne withal, being so just and true, [new. I assure you, I would not change him for no But methinks this is a pleasant city ; The seat is good, and yet not strong ; and that is great pity.

*Caris. (aside).* I am safe, he is mine own.

*Damon.* The air subtle and fine, the people should be witty [region : That dwell under this climate in so pure a A trimmer plot I have not seen in my peregrination.

Nothing misliketh me in this country, But that I heard such muttering of cruelty : Fame reporteth strange things of Dionysius, But kings' matters passing our reach, pertain not to us. [world began,

*Caris.* Dionysius, quoth you ? since the In Sicilia never reigned so cruel a man : A despiteful tyrant to all men ; I marvel, I, That none makes him away, and that suddenly.

*Damon.* My friend, the gods forbid so cruel a thing [the king ! That any man should lift up his sword against Or seek other means by death him to prevent,

Whom to rule on earth the mighty gods have sent. [Dionysius.]

But, my friend, leave off this talk of King *Caris*. Why, sir? he cannot hear us.

*Damon.* What then? *An nescis longas regibus esse manus?*

It is no safe talking of them that strikes afar off.

But leaving kings' matters, I pray you show me this courtesy,

To describe in few words the state of this city.

A traveller I am, desirous to know

The state of each country, wherever I go:

Not to the hurt of any state, but to get experience thereby.

It is not for nought, that the poet doth cry,

*Dic mihi musa virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,*

*Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.*

In which verses, as some writers do scan,

The poet describeth a perfect wise man:

Even so I, being a stranger, addicted to philosophy,

To see the state of countries myself I apply.

*Caris.* Sir, I like this intent, but may I ask your name without scorn?

*Damon.* My name is Damon, well known in my country, a gentleman born.

*Caris.* You do wisely to search the state of each country

To bear intelligence thereof, whither you lust.

He is a spy. [Aside.]

Sir, I pray you, have patience awhile, for I have to do hereby:

View this weak part of this city as you stand,

and I very quickly

Will return to you again, and then will I show  
The state of all this country, and of the court  
also. *Exit Caris.*

*Damon.* I thank you for your courtesy.  
This chanceth well that I  
Met with this gentleman so happily,  
Which, as it seemeth, misliketh something,  
Else he would not talk so boldly of the king,  
And that to a stranger: but lo, where he comes  
in haste.

*Here entereth Carisophus and Snap.*  
*Caris.* This is he, fellow Snap, snap him  
up: away with him.  
*Snap.* Good fellow, thou must go with me  
to the court.

*Damon.* To the court, sir? and why?  
*Caris.* Well, we will dispute that before the  
king. Away with him quickly.

*Damon.* Is this the courtesy you promised  
me, and that very lately?

*Caris.* Away with him, I say.

*Damon.* Use no violence, I will go with  
you quietly. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Here entereth Aristippus.*  
*Aris.* Ah, sirrah, by'r Lady, Aristippus  
likes Dionysius' court very well,  
Which in passing joys and pleasures doth  
excel.

Where he hath *dapsiles cænas, geniales lectos,*  
*et auro*

*Fulgentem tyranni sonam.*  
I have plied the harvest, and stroke when the  
iron was hot;  
When I spied my time, I was not squeamish  
to crave, God wot! [king's bosom,  
But with some pleasant toy I crept into the

For which Dionysius gave me *Auri talentum magnum*—

A large reward for so simple services.

What then? the king's praise standeth chiefly  
in bountifulness: [santly,  
Which thing though I told the king very plea-  
Yet can I prove it by good writers of great  
antiquity:

But that shall not need at this time, since that  
I have abundantly:

When I lack hereafter, I will use this point of  
philosophy:

But now, whereas I have felt the king's  
liberality, [regally:  
As princely as it came, I will spend it as  
Money is current, men say, and current comes  
of *Currendo*:

Then will I make money run, as his nature  
requireth, I trow.

For what becomes a philosopher best,

But to despise money above the rest?

And yet not so despise it, but to have in store  
Enough to serve his own turn, and somewhat  
more.

With sundry sports and taunts yesternight I  
delighted the king, [did ring,  
That with his loud laughter the whole court  
And I thought he laugh'd not merrier than I,  
when I got this money.

But, mumbudget, for Carisophus I espy  
In haste to come hither: I must handle the  
knave finely.

[*Here entereth Carisophus.*]

O Carisophus, my dearest friend, my trusty  
companion! [long?

What news with you? where have you been so

*Caris.* My best beloved friend Aristippus,  
I am come at last;  
I have not spent all my time in waste.

I have got a prey, and that a good one, I trow.  
*Arist.* What prey is that? fain would I  
know.

*Caris.* Such a crafty spy I have caught, I  
As never was in Sicilia before this day;  
Such a one as viewed every weak place in the  
city, [very witty :  
Survewed the haven and each bulwark in talk  
And yet by some words himself he did bewray.

*Arist.* I think so in good faith, as you did  
handle him.

*Caris.* I handled him clerkly, I joined in  
talk with him courteously :  
But when we were entered, I let him speak his  
will, and I  
Suck'd out thus much of his words, that I made  
him say plainly, [city ;  
He was come hither to know the state of the  
And not only this, but that he would under-  
stand [land.  
The state of Dionysius' court and of the whole  
Which words when I heard, I desired him to  
stay,  
Till I had done a little business of the way,  
Promising him to return again quickly; and  
so did convey  
Myself to the court for Snap the tipstaff, which  
came and upsnaatched him,  
Brought him to the court, and in the porter's  
lodge dispatched him.  
After I ran to Dionysius, as fast as I could,  
And bewrayed this matter to him, which I have  
you told;

Which thing when he heard, being very merry  
before,  
He suddenly fell in dump, and foaming like a  
boar, [die]  
At last he swore in great rage that he should  
By the sword or the wheel, and that very  
shortly.  
I am too shamefast: for my travail and toil  
I crave nothing of Dionysius, but only his  
spoil:  
Little hath he about him, but a few motheaten  
crowns of gold, [hold:  
Cha pouch'd them up already, they are sure in  
And now I go into the city, to say sooth;  
To see what he hath at his lodging to make up  
my mouth.

*Arist.* My Carisophus, you have done good  
service. But what is the spy's name?

*Caris.* He is called Damon, born in Greece,  
from whence lately he came.

*Arist.* By my troth, I will go see him, and  
speak with him too, if I may.

*Caris.* Do so, I pray you; but yet by the  
way, [king.

As occasion serveth, commend my service to the

*Arist.* *Dictum sapienti sat est:* friend Cari-  
sophus, shall I forget that thing?

No, I warrant you: though I say little to your  
face,

I will lay on mouth for you to Dionysius, when  
I am in place.

If I speak one word for such a knave, hang  
me. [Aside.] Exit.

*Caris.* Our fine philosopher, our trim  
learned elf,

Is gone to see as false a spy as himself.

Damon smatters as well as he of crafty philosophy,  
 And can turn cat in the pan very prettily :  
 But Carisophus hath given him such a mighty  
 check,  
 As I think in the end will break his neck.  
 What care I for that? why would he then pry,  
 And learn the secret estate of our country and  
 city? [wise :  
 He is but a stranger, by his fall let others be  
 I care not who fall, so that I may rise.  
 As for fine Aristippus, I will keep in with him—  
 He is a shrewd fool to deal withal, he can  
 swim— [plainly,  
 And yet by my troth, to speak my conscience  
 I will use his friendship to mine own com-  
 modity.  
 While Dionysius favoureth him, Aristippus  
 shall be mine ;  
 But if the king once frown on him, then good  
 night, Tomalin :  
 He shall be as strange as though I never saw  
 him before.  
 But I tarry too long, I will prate no more.  
 Jack, come away.

Jack. At hand, sir. [see  
 Caris. At Damon's lodging, if that you  
 Any stir to arise, be still at hand by me :  
 Rather than I will lose the spoil I will blade  
 it out. [Exeunt.

Here entereth Pithias and Stephano.  
 Pithias. What strange news are these ! ah,  
 my Stephano,  
 Is my Damon in prison, as the voice doth go ?  
 Stephano. It is true, O cruel hap ! he is  
 taken for a spy,

And as they say, by Dionysius' own mouth  
condemned to die.

*Pithias.* To die ! Alas ! For what cause ?

*Steph.* A sycophant falsely accused him :  
other cause there is none.

That, O Jupiter, of all wrongs the revenger,  
Seest thou this ~~un~~justice, and wilt thou stay  
any longer [fire],  
From heaven to send down thy hot consuming  
To destroy the workers of wrong, which pro-  
voke thy just ire ?

Alas ! Master Pithias, what shall we do,  
Being in a strange country, void of friends and  
acquaintance too ? [day,

Ah, poor Stephano, hast thou lived to see this  
To see thy true master unjustly made away ?

*Pithias.* Stephano, seeing the matter is  
come to this extremity,  
Let us make virtue our friend of mere necessity.  
Run thou to the court, and understand secretly  
As much as thou canst of Damon's cause,  
and I

Will make some means to entreat Aristippus :  
He can do much, as I hear, with King Dio-  
nysius.

*Steph.* I am gone, sir. Ah, I would to God  
my travail and pain

Might restore my master to his liberty again !

*Pithias.* Ah woful Pithias ! sith now I am  
alone, [moan ?

What way shall I first begin to make my  
What words shall I find apt for my complaint ?  
Damon, my friend, my joy, my life, is in peril.

Of force I must now faint.  
But, O music, as in joyful times thy merry  
notes did borrow,

So now lend me thy yearnful tunes to utter my sorrow.

*Here Pithias sings and the regals play.*

*Awake, ye woful wights,  
That long have wept in woe:  
Resign to me your plaints and tears,  
My hapless hap to show.  
My woe no tongue can tell,  
No pen can well descry:  
O, what a death is this to hear,  
Damon my friend must die!*

*The loss of worldly wealth  
Man's wisdom may restore,  
And physic hath provided too  
A salve for every sore:  
But my true friend once lost,  
No art can well supply:  
Then, what a death is this to hear,  
Damon my friend must die!*

*My mouth, refuse the food,  
That should my limbs sustain:  
Let sorrow sink into my breast,  
And ransack every vein:  
Ye Furies, all at once  
On me your torments try:  
Why should I live, since that I hear  
Damon my friend should die!*

*Gripe me, you greedy grief  
And present pangs of death,  
You sisters three, with cruel hands  
With speed now stop my breath:  
Shrine me in clay alive,  
Some good man stop mine eye:*

*O death, come now, seeing I hear  
Damon my friend must die!*

*He speaketh this after the song.*

In vain I call for death, which heareth not my  
complaint: [faint?  
But what wisdom is this, in such extremity to  
*Multum juvat in re malâ animus bonus.*  
I will to the court myself, to make friends, and  
that presently. [misery—  
I will never forsake my friend in time of  
But do I see Stephano amazed hither to run?

*Here entereth Stephano.*

*Stephano.* O Pithias, Pithias, we are all  
undone! [sorrow;  
Mine own ears have sucked in mine own  
I heard Dionysius swear that Damon should  
die to-morrow.

*Pithias.* How camest thou so near the pre-  
sence of the king, [thing?  
That thou mightest hear Dionysius speak this  
*Steph.* By friendship I gat into the court,  
where in great audience  
I heard Dionysius with his own mouth give  
this cruel sentence  
By these express words: that Damon the  
Greek, that crafty spy,  
Without further judgment to-morrow should  
die:  
Believe me, Pithias, with these ears I heard it  
myself.

*Pithias.* Then how near is my death also!  
Ah, woe is me!  
Ah my Damon, another myself, shall I forego  
thee?  
*Stephano.* Sir, there is no time of lament-  
ing now: it behoveth us

To make means to them which can do much  
with Dionysius,  
That he be not made away, ere his cause be  
fully heard; for we see  
By evil report things be made to princes far  
worse than they be.  
But lo, yonder cometh Aristippus, in great  
favour with King Dionysius, [for us,  
Entreat him to speak a good word to the king  
And in the mean season I will to your lodging  
to see all things safe there. *Exit.*

*Pithias.* To that I agree: but let us slip  
aside his talk to hear. [*Pithias retires.*]

*Here entereth Aristippus.*

*Arist.* Here is a sudden change indeed, a  
strange metamorphosis, [thought this?  
This court is clean altered: who would have  
Dionysius, of late so pleasant and merry,  
Is quite changed now into such melancholy,  
That nothing can please him: he walketh up  
and down, [frown;  
Fretting and chaffing, on every man he doth  
Insomuch that, when I in pleasant words began  
to play, [so short—  
So sternly he frowned on me, and knit me up  
I perceive it is no safe playing with lions but  
when it please them; [them,  
If you claw where it itch not you shall disease  
And so perhaps get a clap; mine own proof  
taught me this,  
That it is very good to be merry and wise.  
The only cause of this hurly-burly is Cari-  
sophus, that wicked man, [gentleman,  
Which lately took Damon for a spy, a poor  
And hath incensed the king against him so  
despitefully,

That Dionysius hath judged him to-morrow to die.

I have talk'd with Damon, whom though in words I found very witty,

Yet was he more curious than wise in viewing this city : [cause why

But truly, for aught I can learn, there is no So suddenly and cruelly he should be condemned to die :

Howsoever it be, this is the short and long, I dare not gainsay the king, be it right or wrong : [this case :

I am sorry, and that is all I may or can do in Nought availeth persuasion where froward opinion taketh place.

*[Pithias comes forward.]*

*Pithias.* Sir, if humble suits you would not despise,

Then bow on me your pitiful eyes.

My name is Pithias, in Greece well known, A perfect friend to that woful Damon, Which now a poor captive in this court doth lie, By the king's own mouth, as I hear, condemned to die;

For whom I crave your mastership's goodness, To stand his friend in this his great distress.

Nought hath he done worthy of death; but very fondly,

Being a stranger, he viewed this city :

For no evil practices, but to feed his eyes.

But seeing Dionysius is informed otherwise, My suit is to you, when you see time and place, To assuage the king's anger, and to purchase his grace : [only,

In which doing you shall not do good to one But you shall further two, and that fully.

*Arist.* My friend, in this case I can do you no pleasure.

*Pithias.* Sir, you serve in the court, as fame doth tell.

*Arist.* I am of the court indeed, but none of the council.

*Pithias.* As I hear, none is in greater favour with the king than you at this day.

*Arist.* The more in favour, the less I dare say.

*Pithias.* It is a courtier's praise to help strangers in misery.

*Arist.* To help another, and hurt myself, it is an evil point of courtesy.

*Pithias.* You shall not hurt yourself to speak for the innocent.

*Arist.* He is not innocent whom the king judgeth nocent.

*Pithias.* Why, sir, do you think this matter past all remedy?

*Arist.* So far past that Dionysius hath sworn Damon to-morrow shall die.

*Pithias.* This word my trembling heart cutteth in two.

Ah, sir, in this woful case what wist I best to do?

*Arist.* Best to content yourself when there is no remedy, [misery :

He is well relieved that foreknoweth his Yet, if any comfort be, it resteth in Eubulus, The chiefest councillor about King Dionysius : Which pitith Damon's case in this great extremity,

Persuading the king from all kind of cruelty.

*Pithias.* The mighty gods preserve you for this word of comfort.

Taking my leave of your goodness, I will now  
resort

To Eubulus, that good councillor :

But hark ! methink I hear a trumpet blow.

*Arist.* The king is at hand, stand close in  
the prease. Beware, if he know  
You are friend to Damon he will take you for  
a spy also.

Farewell, I dare not be seen with you.

*Here entereth King Dionysius, Eubulus  
the Councillor, and Gronno the Hang-  
man.*

*Diony.* Gronno, do my commandment :  
strike off Damon's irons by and by.  
Then bring him forth, I myself will see him  
executed presently.

*Gronno.* O mighty king, your command-  
ment will I do speedily.

*Diony.* Eubulus, thou hast talked in vain,  
for sure he shall die.

Shall I suffer my life to stand in peril of every  
spy ?

*Eubul.* That he conspired against your  
person his accuser cannot say :  
He only viewed your city, and will you for that  
make him away ?

*Diony.* What he would have done the  
guess is great : he minded me to hurt  
That came so slyly to search out the secret  
estate of my court.

Shall I still live in fear ? no, no : I will cut off  
such imps betime,  
Lest that to my farther danger too high they  
climb.

*Eubul.* Yet have the mighty gods immortal  
fame assigned

To all worldly princes, which in mercy be inclined.

*Diony.* Let fame talk what she list, so I may live in safety. [mercy.

*Eubul.* The only mean to that is to use

*Diony.* A mild prince the people despiseth.

*Eubul.* A cruel king the people hateth.

*Diony.* Let them hate me, so they fear me.

*Eubul.* That is not the way to live in safety.

*Diony.* My sword and power shall purchase my quietness.

*Eubul.* That is sooner procured by mercy and gentleness.

*Diony.* Dionysius ought to be feared.

*Eubul.* Better for him to be well beloved.

*Diony.* Fortune maketh all things subject to my power.

*Eubul.* Believe her not, she is a light goddess; she can laugh and low'r.

*Diony.* A king's praise standeth in the revenging of his enemy. [clemency.

*Eubul.* A greater praise to win him by

*Diony.* To suffer the wicked live it is no mercy.

*Eubul.* To kill the innocent it is great cruelty.

*Diony.* Is Damon innocent, which so craftily undermined Carisophus, [nysius?

To understand what he could of King Dio-  
Which survewed the haven and each bulwark  
in the city,

Where battery might be laid, what way best to  
approach? shall I [despite?

Suffer such a one to live, that worketh me such  
No, he shall die, then I am safe: a dead dog  
cannot bite.

*Eubul.* But yet, O mighty king, my duty  
bindeth me  
To give such counsel, as with your honour may  
best agree :  
The strongest pillars of princely dignity,  
I find this justice with mercy and prudent liber-  
ality :  
The one judgeth all things by upright equity,  
The other rewardeth the worthy, flying each  
extremity.  
As to spare those which offend maliciously,  
It may be called no justice, but extreme injury :  
So upon suspicion of such things not well-  
proved, [accused,  
To put to death presently whom envious flattery  
It seemeth of tyranny ; and upon what fickle  
ground all tyrants do stand,  
Athens and Lacedemon can teach you, if it be  
rightly scann'd. [seeks  
And not only these citizens, but who curiously  
The whole histories of all the world, not only  
of Romans and Greeks,  
Shall well perceive of all tyrants the ruinous  
fall,  
Their state uncertain, beloved of none, but  
hated of all.  
Of merciful princes to set out the passing  
felicity  
I need not : enough of that even these days do  
testify.  
They live devoid of fear, their sleeps are sound,  
they dread no enemy,  
They are feared and loved, and why ? they rule  
with justice and mercy,  
Extending justice to such as wickedly from  
justice have swerved :

Mercy unto those who in opinion of simpleness  
have mercy deserved.

Of liberty nought I say, but only this thing,  
Liberty upholdeth the state of a king [issue,  
Whose large bountifulness ought to fall to this  
To reward none but such as deserve it for  
virtue. [provident liberality;

Which merciful justice if you would follow, and  
Neither the caterpillars of all courts, *et fruges  
consumere nati*,

Parasites with wealth puff'd up, should not  
look so high; [die.

Nor yet for this simple fact poor Damon should  
*Diony*. With pain mine ears have heard  
this vain talk of mercy. [only:

I tell thee, fear and terror defendeth kings  
Till he be gone whom I suspect, how shall I  
live quietly,

Whose memory with chilling horror fills my  
breast day and night violently?

My dreadful dreams of him bereaves my rest;  
on bed I lie

Shaking and trembling, as one ready to yield  
his throat to Damon's sword.

This quaking dread nothing but Damon's blood  
can stay: [alway.

Better he die than I to be tormented with fear  
He shall die, though Eubulus consent not  
thereto: [to do.

It is lawful, for kings, as they list, all things  
*Here Gronno [and Snap] bring in  
Damon, and Pithias meeteth him by  
the way.*

*Pithias. O my Damon !*

*Damon. O my Pithias ! seeing death must  
part us, farewell for ever.*

*Pithias.* O Damon, O my sweet friend !

*Snap.* Away from the prisoner: what a  
prease have we here?

*Gronno.* As you commanded, O mighty  
king, we have brought Damon.

*Diony.* Then go to: make ready. I will  
not stir out of this place

Till I see his head stroken off before my face.

*Gronno.* It shall be done, sir. *To Damon.*

Because your eyes have made such a-do  
I will knock down this your lantern, and shut  
up your shop-window too.

*Damon.* O mighty king, whereas no truth  
my innocent life can save,  
But that so greedily you thrust my guiltless  
blood to have,  
Albeit (even for thought) for ought against  
your person :

Yet now I plead not for life, ne will I crave  
your pardon.

But seeing in Greece my country, where well I  
am known,

I have worldly things fit for mine alliance,  
when I am gone, [leisure,  
To dispose them, ere I die, if I might obtain  
I would account it (O king) for a passing great  
pleasure :

Not to prolong my life thereby, for which I  
reckon not this,

But to set my things in a stay: and surely I  
will not miss, [embrace,

Upon the faith which all gentlemen ought to  
To return again, at your time to appoint, to  
yield my body here in this place.

Grant me (O king) such time to despatch this  
inquiry,

And I will not fail when you appoint, even here  
my life to pay.

*Diony.* A pleasant request! as though I  
could trust him absent,  
Whom in no wise I cannot trust being present.  
And yet though I sware the contrary, do that  
I require,  
Give me a pledge for thy return, and have  
thine own desire.

He is as near now as he was before. [Aside.

*Damon.* There is no surer nor greater  
pledge than the faith of a gentleman.

*Diony.* It was wont to be, but otherwise  
now the world doth stand;  
Therefore do as I say, else presently yield thy  
neck to the sword. [word.

If I might with my honour, I would recall my  
*Pithias.* Stand to your word, O king, for  
kings ought nothing say, [alway.  
But that they would perform in perfect deeds  
A pledge you did require, when Damon his suit  
did meve,

For which with heart and stretched hands most  
humble thanks I give: [friend  
And that you may not say but Damon hath a  
That loves him better than his own life, and  
will do to his end, [his:  
Take me, O mighty king: my life I pawn for  
Strike off my head if Damon hap at his day to  
miss.

*Diony.* What art thou, that chargest me  
with my word so boldly here?

*Pithias.* I am Pithias, a Greek born, which  
hold Damon my friend full dear.

*Diony.* Too dear perhaps, to hazard thy  
life for him: what fondness moveth thee?

*Pithias.* No fondness at all, but perfect amity.

*Diony.* A mad kind of amity ! advise thyself well : if Damon fail at his day, Which shall be justly appointed, wilt thou die for him, to me his life to pay ?

*Pithias.* Most willingly, O mighty king : if Damon fail, let Pithias die.

*Diony.* Thou seemest to trust his words that pawnest thy life so frankly.

*Pithias.* What Damon saith, Pithias believeth assuredly.

*Diony.* Take heed, for life, worldly men break promise in many things.

*Pithias.* Though worldly men do so, it never haps amongst friends.

*Dionysius.* What callest thou friends ? are they not men, is not this true ?

*Pithias.* Men they be, but such men as love one another only for virtue.

*Diony.* For what virtue dost thou love this spy, this Damon ? [unknown.]

*Pithias.* For that virtue which yet to you is

*Diony.* Eubulus, what shall I do ? I would despatch this Damon fain,

But this foolish fellow so chargeth me that I may not call back my word again.

*Eubul.* The reverent majesty of a king stands chiefly in keeping his promise.

What you have said this whole court beareth witness,

Save your honour, whatsoever you do.

*Diony.* For saving mine honour, I must forbear my will : go to.

*Pithias,* seeing thou tookest me at my word, take Damon to thee :

For two months he is thine : unbind him, I set  
him free ;  
Which time once expired, if he appear not the  
next day by noon,  
Without further delay thou shalt lose thy life,  
and that full soon. [bed,  
Whether he die by the way, or lie sick in his  
If he return not then, thou shalt either hang  
or lose thy head.

*Pithias.* For this, O mighty king, I yield  
immortal thanks. O joyful day !

*Diony.* Gronno, take him to thee : bind him,  
see him kept in safety : [die.  
If he escape, assure thyself for him thou shalt  
Eubulus, let us depart, to talk of this strange  
thing within.

*Eubul.* I follow. *Exeunt.*

*Gronno.* Damon, thou servest the gods well  
to-day ; be thou of comfort. [sport.  
As for you, sir, I think you will be hanged in  
You heard what the king said ; I must keep  
you safely : [than I.  
By Cock, so I will ; you shall rather hang  
Come on your way.

*Pithias.* My Damon, farewell ; the gods have  
thee in keeping.

*Damon.* O my Pithias, my pledge, farewell ;  
I part from thee weeping. [again,  
But joyful at my day appointed I will return  
When I will deliver thee from all trouble and  
pain.

Stephano will I leave behind me to wait upon  
thee in prison alone,  
And I, whom fortune hath reserved to this  
misery, will walk home. [farewell.  
Ah my Pithias, my pledge, my life, my friend,

*Pithias.* Farewell, my Damon.

*Damon.* Loth am I to depart. Sith sobs  
my trembling tongue doth stay,  
O music, sound my doleful plaints, when I am  
gone my way. [Exit *Damon*.]

*Gronno.* I am glad he is gone, I had almost  
wept too. Come, Pithias,  
So God help me, I am sorry for thy foolish  
case.

Wilt thou venter thy life for a man so fondly?

*Pithias.* It is no venter: my friend is just,  
for whom I desire to die.

*Gronno.* Here is a madman! I tell thee, I  
have a wife whom I love well,  
And if ich would die for her, should ich were  
in hell. [a woman?]

Wilt thou do more for a man than I would for  
*Pithias.* Yea, that I will.

*Gronno.* Then come on your ways, you must  
to prison haste.

I fear you will repent this folly at last.

*Pithias.* That shalt thou never see. But O  
music, as my Damon requested thee,  
Sound out thy doleful tunes in this time of  
calamity.

*Exeunt.* Here the regals play a mourn-  
ing song, and Damon cometh in, in  
mariner apparel, and Stephano with  
him.

*Damon.* Weep no more, Stephano, this is  
but destiny: [die:  
Had not this happ'd, yet I know I am born to  
Where or in what place, the gods know alone,  
To whose judgment myself I commit. There-  
fore leave off thy moan, [again,  
And wait upon Pithias in prison till I return

In whom my joy, my care and life doth only  
remain.

*Stephano.* O my dear master, let me go  
with you; for my poor company [misery.  
Shall be some small comfort in this time of  
*Damon.* O Stephano, hast thou been so  
long with me,

And yet dost not know the force of true amity?  
I tell thee once again, my friend and I are but  
one : [Damon.

Wait upon Pithias, and think thou art with  
Whereof I may not now discourse, the time  
passeth away; [journey :  
The sooner I am gone, the shorter shall be my  
Therefore farewell, Stephano, commend me to  
my friend Pithias, [woful case.  
Whom I trust to deliver in time out of this  
*Stephano.* Farewell, my dear master, since  
your pleasure is so.

O cruel hap ! O poor Stephano !  
O cursed Carisophus, that first moved this  
tragedy !— [trow ye?  
But what a noise is this? is all well within,  
I fear all be not well within, I will go see.—  
Come out, you weasel : are you seeking eggs in  
Damon's chest?

Come out, I say : wilt thou be packing? by  
Cock, you were best.

*Caris.* How durst thou, villain, to lay hands  
on me?

*Stephano.* Out, sir knave, or I will send ye.  
Art thou not content to accuse Damon wrong-  
fully,

But wilt thou rob him also, and that openly?

*Caris.* The king gave me the spoil : to take  
mine own wilt thou let me?

*Steph.* Thine own, villain ! where is thine authority ?

*Caris.* I am authority of myself ; dost thou not know ?

*Stephano.* By'r Lady, that is somewhat ; but have you no more to show ?

*Caris.* What if I have not ? [blow.

*Steph.* Then for an earnest penny take this I shall bumbast you, you mocking knave ; chill put pro in my purse for this time.

*Caris.* Jack, give me my sword and target.

*Jack.* I cannot come to you, master, this knave doth me let. Hold, master.

*Steph* Away, Jackanapes, else I will colpheg you by and by :

Ye slave, I will have my pennyworths of thee therefore, if I die.

About, villain !

*Caris.* O citizens, help to defend me.

*Steph.* Nay, they will rather help to hang thee.

*Caris.* Good fellow, let us reason this matter quietly : beat me no more.

*Steph.* Of this condition I will stay, if thou swear, as thou art an honest man, Thou wilt say nothing to the king of this when I am gone.

*Caris.* I will say nothing : here is my hand, as I am an honest man.

*Steph.* Then say on thy mind : I have taken a wise oath on him, have I not, trow ye ? To trust such a false knave upon his honesty ? As he is an honest man (quoth you ?) he may bewray all to the king,

And break his oath for this never a whit—but, my franion, I tell you this one thing :

If you disclose this I will devise such a way,  
That whilst thou livest, thou shalt remember  
this day.

*Caris.* You need not devise for that, for  
this day is printed in my memory;  
I warrant you, I shall remember this beating  
till I die:

But seeing of courtesy you have granted that  
we should talk quietly, [injury.

Methinks in calling me knave you do me much  
*Steph.* Why so, I pray thee heartily?

*Caris.* Because I am the king's man: keeps  
the king any knaves?

*Steph.* He should not; but what he doth, it  
is evident by thee,

And as far as I can learn or understand,  
There is none better able to keep knaves in all  
the land.

*Caris.* O sir, I am a courtier: when  
courtiers shall hear tell [well.

How you have used me, they will not take it  
*Steph.* Nay, all right courtiers will ken me  
thank; and wot you why?

Because I handled a counterfeit courtier in his  
kind so finely.

What, sir? all are not courtiers that have a  
counterfeit show:

In a troop of honest men some knaves may  
stand, ye know, [honesty,

Such as by stealth creep in under the colour of  
Which sort under that cloak do all kinds of  
villainy. [urbanity,

A right courtier is virtuous, gentle, and full of  
Hurting no man, good to all, devoid of villainy:  
But such as thou art, fountains of squirrility  
and vain delights;

Though you hang by the court, you are but  
flatt'ring parasites;  
As well deserving the right name of courtesy,  
As the coward knight the true praise of  
chivalry. [your well-willer.  
I could say more, but I will not, for that I am  
In faith, Carisophus, you are no courtier but  
a caterpillar,  
A sycophant, a parasite, a flatterer, and a  
knaver. [have:  
Whether I will or no, these names you must  
How well you deserve this by your deeds it is  
known, [Damon,  
For that so unjustly thou hast accused poor  
Whose woful case the gods help alone.

*Caris.* Sir, are you his servant, that you  
pity his case so?

*Steph.* No, bum troth, goodman Grumb,  
his name is Stephano:  
I am called Onaphets, if needs you will know.  
The knave beginneth to sift me, but I turn my  
name in and out,

*Cretizo cum Cretense,* to make him a lout.  
[Aside.

*Caris.* What mumble you with yourself,  
Master Onaphets?

*Steph.* I am reckoning with myself how I  
may pay my debts.

*Caris.* You have paid me more than you  
did owe me.

*Steph.* Nay, upon a farther reckoning, I  
will pay you more, if I know  
Either you talk of that is done, or by your  
sycophantical envy  
You prick forth Dionysius the sooner, that  
Damon may die:

I will so pay thee, that thy bones shall rattle in  
thy skin.

Remember what I have said; Onaphets is my  
name.

*Caris.* The sturdy knave is gone, the devil  
him take;

He hath made my head, shoulders, arms, sides,  
and all to ache.

Thou whoreson villain boy, why didst thou wait  
no better?

As he paid me, so will I not die thy debtor.

[*Strikes him.*]

*Jack.* Master, why do you fight with me?  
I am not your match, you see:

You durst not fight with him that is gone, and  
will you wreak your anger on me?

*Caris.* Thou villain, by thee I have lost  
mine honour.

Beaten with a cudgel like a slave, a vacabone,  
or a lazy lubber,

And not given one blow again. Hast thou  
handled me well?

*Jack.* Master, I handled you not, but who  
did handle you very handsomely, you can  
tell.

*Caris.* Handsomely! thou crack-rope.

*Jack.* Yea, sir, very handsomely; I hold  
you a groat

He handled you so handsomely that he left  
not one mote in your coat.

*Caris.* O, I had firk'd him trimly, thou  
villain, if thou hadst given me my sword.

*Jack.* It is better as it is, master, believe  
me, at a word.

If he had seen your weapon, he would have  
been fiercer,

And so perhaps beat you worse, I speak it  
with my heart.

You were never at the dealing of fence-blows,  
but you had four away for your part.

It is but your luck, you are man good enough;  
But the Welsh Onaphets was a vengeance-  
knave, and rough. [your bed,

Master, you were best go home and rest in  
Methinks your cap waxeth too little for your  
head.

*Caris.* What! doth my head swell?

*Jack.* Yea, as big as a codshead, and bleeds  
too. [this hue.

*Caris.* I am ashamed to show my face with

*Jack.* No shame at all; men have been  
beaten far better than you.

*Caris.* I must go to the chirurgeon's; what  
shall I say, when I am a-dressing?

*Jack.* You may say truly you met with a  
knave's blessing. *Exeunt.*

*Here entereth Aristippus.*

*Arist.* By mine own experience I prove true  
that many men tell,  
To live in court not beloved, better be in hell :  
What crying out, what cursing is there within  
of Carisophus,

Because he accused Damon to King Dionysius !  
Even now he came whining and crying into the  
court for the nonce, [knave's sconce.  
Showing that one Onaphets had broke his  
Which strange name when they heard every  
man laugh'd heartily,

And I by myself scann'd his name secretly ;  
For well I knew it was some mad-headed child  
That invented this name, that the log-headed  
knave might be beguil'd.

In tossing it often with myself to and fro,  
I found out that Onaphets backward spelled  
Stephano.

I smiled in my sleeve how to see by turning  
his name he dress'd him,  
And how for Damon his master's sake with a  
wooden cudgel he bless'd him.

None pitied the knave, no man nor woman;  
but all laugh'd him to scorn.

To be thus hated of all, better unborn:  
Far better Aristippus hath provided, I trow;  
For in all the court I am beloved both of high  
and low.

I offend none, insomuch that women sing this  
to my great praise,  
*Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et locus et res.*  
But in all this jollity one thing mazeth me;  
The strangest thing that ever was heard or  
known

Is now happened in this court by that Damon,  
Whom Carisophus accused: Damon is now at  
liberty,

For whose return Pithias his friend lieth in  
prison, alas, in great jeopardy.

To-morrow is the day, which day by noon if  
Damon return not, earnestly

The king hath sworn that Pithias should die;  
Whereof Pithias hath intelligence very secretly,  
Wishing that Damon may not return till he  
hath paid

His life for his friend. Hath it been heretofore  
ever said,

That any man for his friend would die so  
willingly?

O noble friendship! O perfect amity!  
Thy force is here seen, and that very perfectly.

The king himself museth hereat, yet he is far  
out of square  
That he trusteth none to come near him: not  
his own daughters will he have  
Unsearch'd to enter his chamber, which he hath  
made barbers his beard to shave,  
Not with knife or razor, for all edge-tools he  
fears, [his hairs.  
But with hot burning nutshells they singe off  
Was there ever man that lived in such misery?  
Well, I will go in—with a heavy and pensive  
heart, too,  
To think how Pithias, this poor gentleman,  
to-morrow shall die. *Exit.*

*Here entereth Jack and Will.*

*Jack.* Will, by mine honesty, I will mar  
your monkey's face, if you so fondly prate.  
*Will.* Jack, by my troth, seeing you are  
without the court-gate,  
If you play Jack-napes, in mocking my master  
and despising my face,  
Even here with a pantacle I will you disgrace;  
And though you have a far better face than I,  
Yet who is better man of us two these fists  
shall try,  
Unless you leave your taunting.

*Jack.* Thou began'st first; didst thou now  
not say even now,  
That Carisophus my master was no man but a  
cow, [blow again?  
In taking so many blows, and gave never a  
*Will.* I said so indeed, he is but a tame  
ruffian,  
That can swear by his flask and twich-box, and  
God's precious lady,  
And yet will be beaten with a faggot-stick.

These barking whelps were never good biters,  
Ne yet great crakers were ever great fighters :  
But seeing you egg me so much, I will some-  
what more recite : [site :

I say, Carisophus thy master is a flatt'ring para-  
Gleaning away the sweet from the worthy in all  
the court.

What tragedy hath he moved of late? the devil  
take him! he doth much hurt.

*Jack.* I pray you, what is Aristippus thy  
master, is not he a parasite too,  
That with scoffing and jesting in the court  
makes so much a-do?

*Will.* He is no parasite, but a pleasant  
gentleman full of courtesy.

Thy master is a churlish lout, the heir of a  
dungfork; as void of honesty  
As thou art of honour.

*Jack.* Nay, if you will needs be prating of  
my master still, [Will :  
In faith I must cool you, my friend, dapper  
Take this at the beginning. *Strikes him.*

*Will.* Praise well your winning, my pantacle  
is as ready as yours.

*Jack.* By the mass, I will box you.

*Will.* By Cock, I will fox you.

*Jack.* Will, was I with you?

*Will.* Jack, did I fly? [weak.

*Jack.* Alas, pretty cockerel, you are too

*Will.* In faith, doating dottrel, you will cry  
creak.

*Here entereth Snap.*

*Snap.* Away, you crack-ropes, are you fight-  
ing at the court-gate? [both : what !  
And I take you here again I will swinge you  
*Exit.*

*Jack.* I beshrew Snap the tipstaff, that great knave's heart, that hither did come. Had he not been, you had cried ere this, *Victus, victa, victim*: But seeing we have breathed ourselves, if ye list, Let us agree like friends, and shake each other by the fist.

*Will.* Content am I, for I am not malicious; but on this condition, That you talk no more so broad of my master as here you have done. [yonder.] But who have we here? Cobex epi coming

*Jack.* Will, let us slip aside and view him well.

*Here entereth Grim the Collier, whistling.*

*Grim.* What devil! ich ween the porters are drunk, will they not dup the gate to-day? [To] take in coals for the king's own mouth; will nobody stir, I say? [bed, Ich might have lain tway hours longer in my Cha tarried so long here, that my teeth chatter in my head.

*Jack.* Will, after our falling out wilt thou laugh merrily?

*Will.* Ay, marry, Jack, I pray thee heartily.

*Jack.* Then follow me, and hem in a word now and then— [so early? What brawling knave is there at the court-gate

*Will.* It is some brainsick villain, I durst lay a penny. [trow,

*Jack.* It was you, sir, that cried so loud, I And bid us take in coals for the king's mouth even now?

*Grim.* 'Twas I, indeed.

*Jack.* Why, sir, how dare you speak such  
petty treason?

Doth the king eat coals at any season?

*Grim.* Here is a gay world ! boys now sets  
old men to school. [cham a fool?]

I said well enough : what, Jack-sauce, think'st  
At bakehouse, butt'ry-hatch, kitchen, and cellar,  
Do they not say for the king's mouth ?

*Will.* What, then, goodman collier?

*Grim.* What, then ! seeing without coals  
thee cannot finely dress the king's meat,  
May I not say, take in coals for the king's  
mouth, though coals he do not eat?

*Jack.* James Christe ! came ever from a  
collier an answer so trim?

You are learned, are you not, father Grim?

*Grim.* Grim is my name indeed, cham not  
learned, and yet the king's collier :  
This vorty winter cha been to the king a  
servitor,

Though I be not learned, yet cha mother-wit  
enough, whole and some.

*Will.* So it seems, you have so much mother-  
wit, that you lack your father's wisdom.

*Grim.* Mass, cham well-beset, here's a trim  
cast of murlons.

What be you, my pretty cockerels, that ask me  
these questions?

*Jack.* Good faith, Master Grim, if such  
merlins on your pouch may light,  
They are so quick of wing that quickly they  
can carry it out of your sight ;  
And though we are cockerels now, we shall  
have spurs one day,  
And shall be able perhaps to make you a capon  
[to your pay.]

But to tell you the truth, we are the porter's  
men, which early and late  
Wait on such gentlemen as you to open the  
court-gate.

*Grim.* Are ye servants then?

*Will.* Yea, sir; are we not pretty men?

*Grim.* Pretty men, quoth you? nay, you are  
strong men, else you could not bear these  
breeches.

*Will.* Are these such great hose? in faith,  
goodman collier, you see with your nose:  
By mine honesty, I have but one lining in one  
hose, but seven ells of rug.

*Grim.* This is but a little, yet it makes thee  
seem a great bug.

*Jack.* How say you, goodman collier, can  
you find any fault here?

*Grim.* Nay, you should find fau't; marry,  
here's trim gear!

Alas, little knave, dost not sweat? thou goest  
with great pain, [thee plain;  
These are no hose, but water-bougets, I tell  
Good for none but such as have no buttocks.  
Did you ever see two such little Robin ruddocks  
So laden with breeches? chill say no more, lest  
I offend. [ghostly end,

Who invented these monsters first, did it to a  
To have a mail ready to put in other folks'  
We see this evident by daily proof. [stuff,  
One preached of late not far hence in no pulpit,  
but in a wain-cart,

That spake enough of this; but for my part  
Chill say no more: your own necessity

In the end will force you to find some remedy.

*Jack.* Will, hold this railing knave with a  
talk, when I am gone:

I will fetch him his filling ale for his good sermon.

*Exit.*

*Will.* Go thy way, father Grim, gaily well you do say,

It is but young men's folly, that list to play, And mask awhile in the net of their own device;

When they come to your age, they will be wise.

*Grim.* Bum troth, but few such roisters come to my years at this day;

They be cut off betimes, ere they have gone half their journey :

I will not tell why : let them guess that can, I mean somewhat thereby.

[Enter Jack with a pot of wine, and a cup to drink on.

*Jack.* Father Grim, because you are stirring so early, [you merry.

I have brought you a bowl of wine to make *Grim.* Wine, marry ! this is welcome to colliers, chill swap't off by and by :

Chwas stirring so early, that my very soul is dry.

*Jack.* This is stoutly done: will you have it warmed, father Grim?

*Grim.* No; it is warm enough; it is very lousious and trim.

"Tis musselden, ich ween; of fellowship let me have another squirt, [shirt.

Ich can drink as easily now, as if I sat in my *Jack.* By Cock, and you shall have it; but

I will begin, and that anon,

*Jebit avow mon compagnon.*

*Grim.* *Jhar vow pleadge bety Zawne.*

*Jack.* Can you speak French? here is a trim collier, by this day !

*Grim.* What man ! ich learned this when  
ich was a soldier ; [whip trimly,  
When ich was a lusty fellow, and could yerk a  
Better than these boy-colliers that come to  
the court daily : [as now,  
When there were not so many captious fellows  
That would torup men for every trifle, I wot  
not how :

As there was one Damon, not long since taken  
for a spy ; [to die.

How justly I know not, but he was condemned  
*Will* (*aside*). This wine hath warmed him,  
this comes well to pass,

We shall know all now, for *in vino veritas*.

Father Grim, who accused this Damon to King  
Dionysius ?

*Grim.* A vengeance take him ! 'twas a  
gentleman, one Master Crowsphus.

*Will.* Crowsphus ! you clip the king's lan-  
guage, you would have said Carisophus.  
But I perceive now either the wind is at the  
south, [your mouth.

Or else your tongue cleaveth to the roof of  
*Grim.* A murrain take thik wine, it so in-  
toxicate my brain, [plain.

That to be hanged by and by I cannot speak  
*Jack.* You speak knavishly plain, seeing my  
master you do mock :

In faith, ere you go, I will make you a lobcock.  
*Aside.*

Father Grim, what say they of this Damon  
abroad ? [God.

*Grim.* All men are sorry for him, so help me  
They say a false knave 'cused him to the king  
wrongfully ; [to die,  
And he is gone, and should be here to-morrow

Or else his fellow, which is in prison, his room  
shall supply. [you plain,  
Chill not be his half for vorty shillings, I tell  
I think Damon be too wise to return again.

*Will.* Will no man speak for them in this  
woful case?

*Grim.* No, chill warrant you, one Master  
Stippus is in place, [so,  
Where he may do good, but he frames himself  
Whatsoever Dionysius willeth to that he will  
not say no :

'Tis a subtle vox, he will not tread on thorns  
for none,

A merry harecop 'tis, and a pleasant com-  
panion ;

A right courtier, and can provide for one.

*Jack.* Will, how like you this gear? your  
master Aristippus also  
At this collier's hand hath had a blow !

But in faith, father Grim, cannot ye colliers  
Provide for yourselves far better than  
courtiers? [threadbare coats,

*Grim.* Yes, I trow: black colliers go in  
Yet so provide they, that they have the fair  
white groats. [in dirt,

Ich may say in counsel, though all day I moil  
Chill not change lives with any in Dionysius'  
court :

For though their apparel be never so fine,  
Yet sure their credit is far worse than mine.  
And, by Cock, I may say, for all their high  
looks, [books :

I know some sticks full deep in merchants'  
And deeper will fall in, as fame me tells,  
As long as instead of money they take up  
hawks' hoods and bells :

Whereby they fall into a swelling disease,  
which colliers do not know;  
'T ath a mad name: it is called, ich ween,  
*Centum pro cento.*

Some other in courts make others laugh  
merrily, [secretly.

When they wail and lament their own estate  
Friendship is dead in court, hypocrisy doth  
reign;

Who is in favour now, to-morrow is out again:  
The state is so uncertain that I, by my will,  
Will never be courtier, but a collier still.

*Will.* It seemeth that colliers have a very  
trim life. [troth,

*Grim.* Colliers get money still: tell me of  
Is not that a trim life now, as the world go'th?  
All day, though I toil with my main and might,  
With money in my pouch I come home merry  
at night, [Alison,

And sit down in my chair by my wife fair  
And turn a crab in the fire, as merry as Pope  
John.

*Jack.* That pope was a merry fellow, of  
whom folk talk so much.

*Grim.* H'ad to be merry withal, h'ad gold  
enough in his hutch.

*Jack.* Can gold make men merry? they say,  
who can sing so merry a note  
As he that is not able to change a groat?

*Grim.* Who sings in that case, sings never  
in tune. I know for my part

That a heavy pouch with gold makes a light  
heart;

Of which I have provided for a dear year good  
store, [more.

And these benters, I trow, shall anon get me

*Will.* By serving the court with coals you  
gain'd all this money?

*Grim.* By the court only, I assure ye.

*Jack.* After what sort, I pray thee tell me?

*Grim.* Nay, there bate me an ace (quod  
Bolton); I can wear a horn and blow it  
not.

*Jack.* By'r Lady, the wiser man.

*Grim.* Shall I tell you by what sleight I got  
all this money? [warrant ye.

Then ich were a noddy indeed; no, no, I  
Yet in few words I tell you this one thing,  
He is a very fool that cannot gain by the king.

*Will.* Well said, father Grim: you are a  
wily collier and a brave,

I see now there is no knave to the old knave.

*Grim.* Such knaves have money when  
courtiers have none.

But tell me, is it true that abroad is blown?

*Jack.* What is that?

*Grim.* Hath the king made those fair  
damsels his daughters

To become now fine and trim barbers?

*Jack.* Yea, truly, to his own person.

*Grim.* Good fellows, believe me, as the case  
now stands,

I would give one sack of coals to be wash'd  
at their hands,

If ich came so near them, for my wit should  
not give three chips

If ich could not steal one swap at their lips.

*Jack.* Will, this knave is drunk, let us dress  
him.

Let us rifle him so that he have not one penny  
to bless him,

And steal away his debenters too. [Aside.

*Will.* Content: invent the way, and I am ready.

*Jack.* Faith, and I will make him a noddy.

*Aside.*

Father Grim, if you pray me well, I will wash you and shave you too, [daughters do: Even after the same fashion as the king's In all points as they handle Dionysius, I will dress you trim and fine.

*Grim.* Chuld vain learn that: come on then, chill give thee a whole pint of wine At tavern for thy labour, when cha money for my benterers here.

*Here Will fetcheth a barber's basin, a pot with water, a razor, and cloths, and a pair of spectacles.*

*Jack.* Come, mine own father Grim, sit down. [chair.

*Grim.* Mass, to begin withal, here is a trim

*Jack.* What, man, I will use you like a prince. Sir boy, fetch me my gear.

*Will.* Here, sir.

*Jack.* Hold up, father Grim.

*Grim.* Me-seem my head doth swim.

*Jack.* My costly perfumes made that. Away with this, sir boy: be quick.

Aloyse, aloyse, how, how pretty it is! is not here a good face?

A fine owl's eyes, a mouth like an oven.

Father, you have good butter-teeth full seen.

[*Aside*] You were weaned, else you would have been a great calf. [chin

Ah trim lips to sweep a manger! here is a As soft as the hoof of an horse.

*Grim.* Doth the king's daughters rub so hard?

*Jack.* Hold your head straight, man, else  
all will be marr'd.

By'r Lady, you are of good complexion,  
A right Croyden sanguine, beshrew me. [ye?  
Hold up, father Grim. Will, can you bestir  
*Grim.* Methinks, after a marvellous fashion  
you do besmear me.

*Jack.* It is with unguentum of Daucus  
Maucus, that is very costly :

I give not this washing-ball to everybody.  
After you have been dress'd so finely at my  
hand,  
You may kiss any lady's lips within this land.  
Ah, you are trimly wash'd ! how say you, is  
not this trim water ?

*Grim.* It may be wholesome, but it is  
vengeance sour. [my razor.

*Jack.* It scours the better. Sir boy, give me  
*Will.* Here at hand, sir.

*Grim.* God's aymes ! 'tis a chopping knife,  
'tis no razor. [one;

*Jack.* It is a razor, and that a very good  
It came lately from Pallarime, it cost me  
twenty crowns alone.

Your eyes dazzle after your washing, these  
spectacles put on : [one?

Now view this razor, tell me, is it not a good  
*Grim.* They be gay barnacles, yet I see  
never the better.

*Jack.* Indeed they be a young sight, and  
that is the matter ;  
But I warrant you this razor is very easy.

*Grim.* Go to, then ; since you begun, do as  
please ye.

*Jack.* Hold up, father Grim.

*Grim.* O, your razor doth hurt my lip.

*Jack.* No, it scrapeth off a pimple to ease  
you of the pip. [well?  
I have done now, how say you? are you not  
*Grim.* Cham lighter than ich was, the truth  
to tell.

*Jack.* Will you sing after your shaving?

*Grim.* Mass, content; but chill be poll'd  
first, ere I sing.

*Jack.* Nay, that shall not need; you are  
poll'd near enough for this time.

*Grim.* Go to then lustily, I will sing in my  
man's voice:

Chave a troubling base buss.

*Jack.* You are like to bear the bob, for we  
will give it:

Set out your bussing base, and we will quiddle  
upon it. *Grim singeth Buss.*

*Jack sings.* Too nidden and too nidden.

*Will sings.* Too nidden and toodle toodle  
doo nidden;

Is not Grim the collier most finely shaven?

*Grim.* Why, my fellows, think ich am a  
cow, that you make such toying?

*Jack.* Nay, by'r Lady, you are no cow, by  
your singing;

Yet your wife told me you were an ox.

*Grim.* Did she so? 'tis a pestens quean, she  
is full of such mocks.

But go to, let us sing out our song merrily.

[*The song at the shaving of the Collier.*

*Jack.* Such barbers God send you at all  
times of need.

*Will.* That can dress you finely, and make  
such quick speed;

*Jack.* Your face like an inkhorn now  
shineth so gay—

Will. That I with your nostrils of force  
must needs play,

With too nidden and too nidden. [nidden.

Jack. With too nidden and todle todle doo  
Is not Grim the collier most finely shaven?

Will. With shaving you shine like a pestle  
of pork.

Jack. Here is the trimmest hog's flesh from  
London to York. [awhile.

Will. It would be trim bacon to hang up

Jack. To play with this hoglin of force I  
must smile,

With too nidden and too nidden.

Will. With too nidden and todle, &c.

Grim. Your shaving doth please me, I am  
now your debtor.

Will. Your wife now will buss you, because  
you are sweeter.

Grim. Near would I be polled, as near as  
cham shaven. [you be shaken.

Will. Then out of your jerkin needs must  
With too nidden and too nidden, &c.

Grim. It is a trim thing to be wash'd in  
the court.

Will. Their hands are so fine, that they  
never do hurt. [was.

Grim. Me-think ich am lighter than ever ich

Will. Our shaving in the court hath  
brought this to pass.

With too nidden and too nidden. [nidden.

Jack. With too nidden and todle todle doo  
Is not Grim the collier most finely shaven?

Grim. This is trimly done: now chill pitch  
my coals not far hence, [tway pence.  
And then at the tavern shall bestow whole  
Exit Grim.

*Jack.* Farewell cock, before the collier again  
do us seek,  
Let us into the court to part the spoil, share  
and share like.

*Will.* Away then.

*Exeunt.*

*Here entereth Grim.*

*Grim.* Out alas, where shall I make my  
moan?  
My pouch, my binters, and all is gone;  
Where is that villain that did me shave?  
H'ath robbed me, alas, of all that I have.

*Here entereth Snap.*

*Snap.* Who crieth so at the court-gate?  
*Grim.* I, the poor collier, that was robbed  
of late.

*Snap.* Who robbed thee?

*Grim.* Two of the porter's men that did  
shave me.

*Snap.* Why, the porter's men are no  
barbers.

*Grim.* A vengeance take them, they are  
quick carvers.

*Snap.* What stature were they of?

*Grim.* As little dapper knaves as they  
trimly could scoff.

*Snap.* They are lackeys, as near as I can  
guess them.

*Grim.* Such lackeys make me lack; an  
halter beswinge them!

Cham undone, they have my binters too.

*Snap.* Dost thou know them, if thou seest  
them?

*Grim.* Yea, that I do.

*Snap.* Then come with me, we will find  
them out, and that quickly.

*Grim.* I follow, mast tipstaff; they be in  
the court, it is likely.

*Snap.* Then cry no more, come away.

*Exeunt.*

*Here entereth Carisophus and Aristippus.*

*Caris.* If ever you will show your friend-  
ship, now is the time,  
Seeing the king is displeased with me of my  
part without any crime.

*Arist.* It should appear it comes of some  
evil behaviour  
That you so suddenly are cast out of favour.

*Caris.* Nothing have I done but this; in  
talk I overthwarted Eubulus [nysius],  
When he lamented Pithias' case to King Dio-  
Which to-morrow shall die, but for that false  
knave Damon— [is gone].  
He hath left his friend in the briars, and now  
We grew so hot in talk, that Eubulus pro-  
tested plainly,

Which held his ears open to parasitical flattery.  
And now in the king's ear like a bell he rings,  
Crying that flatterers have been the destroyers  
of kings.

Which talk in Dionysius' heart hath made so  
deep impression,  
That he trusteth me not, as heretofore, in no  
condition: [that he  
And some words brake from him, as though  
Began to suspect my truth and honesty,  
Which you of friendship I know will defend,  
howsoever the world goeth: [an oath?  
My friend—for my honesty will you not take  
*Arist.* To swear for your honesty I should  
lose mine own.

*Caris.* Should you so, indeed? I would  
that were known.

Is your void friendship come thus to pass?

*Arist.* I follow the proverb: *Amicus usque  
ad aras.*

*Caris.* Where can you say I ever lost mine  
honesty?

*Arist.* You never lost it, for you never had  
it, as far as I know.

*Caris.* Say you so, friend Aristippus, whom  
I trust so well?

*Arist.* Because you trust me, to you the  
truth I tell.

*Caris.* Will you not stretch one point to  
bring me in favour again?

*Arist.* I love no stretching; so I may breed  
mine own pain.

*Caris.* A friend ought to shun no pain, to  
stand his friend in stead.

*Arist.* Where true friendship is, it is so in  
very deed.

*Caris.* Why, sir, hath not the chain of true  
friendship linked us two together?

*Arist.* The chiefest link lacked thereof, it  
must needs dissever.

*Caris.* What link is that? fain would I  
know.

*Arist.* Honesty.

*Caris.* Doth honesty knit the perfect knot  
in true friendship?

*Arist.* Yea, truly, and that knot so knit  
will never slip.

*Caris.* Belike, then, there is no friendship  
but between honest men.

*Arist.* Between the honest only; for,  
*Amicitia inter bonos*, saith a learned man.

*Caris.* Yet evil men use friendship in things  
unhonest, where fancy doth serve.

*Arist.* That is no friendship, but a lewd  
liking; it lasts but a while.

*Caris.* What is the perfectest friendship  
among men that ever grew?

*Arist.* Where men loved one another, not for  
profit, but for virtue.

*Caris.* Are such friends both alike in joy  
and also in smart?

*Arist.* They must needs; for in two bodies  
they have but one heart.

*Caris.* Friend Aristippus, deceive me not  
with sophistry:

Is there no perfect friendship, but where is  
virtue and honesty?

*Arist.* What a devil then meant Carisophus  
To join in friendship with fine Aristippus?

In whom is as much virtue, truth and honesty,  
As there are true feathers in the three Cranes  
of the Vintry:

Yet these feathers have the shadow of lively  
feathers, the truth to scan, [honest man.  
But Carisophus hath not the shadow of an  
To be plain, because I know thy villainy,  
In abusing Dionysius to many men's injury,  
Under the cloak of friendship I play'd with  
his head,

And sought means how thou with thine own  
fancy might be led.

My friendship thou soughtest for thine own  
commodity,

As worldly men do, by profit measuring amity:  
Which I perceiving, to the like myself I  
framed, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~blamed~~ [blamed.

Wherein I know of the wise I shall not be

If you ask me, *Quare?* I answer, *Quia prudentis  
est multum dissimulare.*

To speak more plainer, as the proverb doth go,  
In faith, Carisophus, *cum Cretense cretizo.*  
Yet a perfect friend I show myself to thee in  
one thing,

I do not dissemble now I say I will not speak  
for thee to the king : [thee,  
Therefore sink in thy sorrow, I do not deceive  
A false knave I found thee, a false knave I  
leave thee. *Exit.*

*Caris.* He is gone ! is this friendship, to  
leave his friend in the plain field ?  
Well, I see now I myself have beguiled,  
In matching with that false fox in amity,  
Which hath me used to his own commodity :  
Which seeing me in distress, unfeignedly goes  
his ways. [now-a-days ;  
Lo, this is the perfect friendship among men  
Which kind of friendship toward him I used  
secretly ; [craftily,  
And he with me the like hath requited me  
It is the gods' judgment, I see it plainly,  
For all the world may know, *Incidi in foveam  
quam feci.* [know,  
Well, I must content myself, none other help I  
Until a merrier gale of wind may hap to blow.  
*Exit.*

[Enter Eubulus.

*Eubul.* Who deals with kings in matters  
of great weight,  
When froward will doth bear the chiefest sway,  
Must yield of force ; there need no subtle  
sleight,  
Ne painted speech the matter to convey.  
No prayer can move when kindled is the ire.

The more ye quench, the more increased is the fire.

This thing I prove in Pithias' woful case,  
 Whose heavy hap with tears I do lament :  
 The day is come, when he, in Damon's place,  
 Must lose his life : the time is fully spent. [vail,  
 Nought can my words now with the king pre-  
 Against the wind and striving stream I sail :  
 For die thou must, alas ! thou seely Greek.  
 Ah, Pithias, now come is thy doleful hour :  
 A perfect friend, none such a world to seek.  
 Though bitter death shall give thee sauce full sour,

Yet for thy faith enroll'd shall be thy name  
 Among the gods within the book of fame.  
 Who knoweth his case, and will not melt in tears ?

His guiltless blood shall trickle down anon.

*Then the Muses sing.*

*Alas, what hap hast thou, poor Pithias, now to die !*

*Woe worth the man which for his death hath given us cause to cry.*

*Eubul.* Methink I hear, with yellow rented hairs,  
 The Muses frame their notes, my state to moan :

*Among which sort, as one that mourneth with heart,*

*In doleful tunes myself will bear a part.*

*Muses.* Woe worth the man which for his death, &c.

*Eubul.* With yellow rented hairs, come on, you Muses nine ;

Fill now my breast with heavy tunes, to me your plaints resign :

*For Pithias I bewail, which presently must die,  
Woe worth the man which for his death hath  
given us cause, &c.*

*Muses. Woe worth the man which for his,  
&c.*

*Eubul. Was ever such a man, that would  
die for his friend?*

*I think even from the heavens above the gods  
did him down send*

*To show true friendship's power, which forc'd  
thee now to die.*

*Woe worth the man which for thy death, &c.*

*Muses. Woe worth the man, &c.*

*Eubul. What tiger's whelp was he, that  
Damon did accuse?*

*What faith hast thou, which for thy friend thy  
death doth not refuse?*

*O heavy hap hadst thou to play this tragedy!*

*Woe worth the man which for thy death, &c.*

*Muses. Woe worth the man, &c.*

*Eubul. Thou young and worthy Greek,  
that sheweth such perfect love,  
The gods receive thy simple ghost into the  
heavens above: [ing eye.*

*Thy death we shall lament with many a weep-  
Woe worth the man, which for his death, &c.*

*Muses. Woe worth the man, which for thy  
death hath given us cause to cry. Finis.*

*Eubul. Eternal be your fame, ye Muses, for  
that in misery*

*Ye did vouchsafe to strain your notes to walk.  
My heart is rent in two with this miserable  
case,*

*Yet am I charged by Dionysius' mouth to see  
this place*

*At all points ready for the execution of Pithias.*

Need hath no law : will I or nill I, it must be  
done, [hand.  
But lo, the bloody minister is even here at  
*Enter Gronno.*

Gronno, I came hither now to understand  
If all things are well appointed for the execu-  
tion of Pithias.  
The king himself will see it done here in this  
place.

*Gronno.* Sir, all things are ready ; here is  
the place, here is the hand, here is the  
sword :  
Here lacketh none but Pithias, whose head at  
a word,  
If he were present, I could finely strike off—  
You may report that all things are ready.

*Eubul.* I go with an heavy heart to report  
it. Ah woful Pithias !  
Full near now is thy misery. [Exit.

*Gronno.* I marvel very much, under what  
constellation  
All hangmen are born, for they are hated of  
all, beloved of none ;  
Which hatred is showed by this point  
evidently :  
The hangman always dwells in the vilest place  
of the city. [why,  
That such spite should be, I know no cause  
Unless it be for their office's sake, which is  
cruel and bloody.

Yet some men must do it to execute laws.  
Me-think they hate me without any just cause.  
But I must look to my toil ; Pithias must lose  
his head at one blow,  
Else the boys will stone me to death in the  
street, as I go.

But hark, the prisoner cometh, and the king  
 also : [forego.  
 I see there is no help, Pithias his life must  
*Here entereth Dionysius and Eubulus.*  
*Diony.* Bring forth Pithias, that pleasant  
 companion,  
 Which took me at my word, and became pledge  
 for Damon.  
 It pricketh fast upon noon, I do him no in-  
 jury [me,  
 If now he lose his head, for so he requested  
 If Damon return not, which now in Greece is  
 full merry :  
 Therefore shall Pithias pay his death, and that  
 by and by. [city,  
 He thought belike, if Damon were out of the  
 I would not put him to death for some foolish  
 pity :  
 But seeing it was his request, I will not be  
 mock'd, he shall die;  
 Bring him forth.

*Here entereth Snap.*

*Snap.* Give place; let the prisoner come  
 by; give place.  
*Diony.* How say you, sir; where is Damon,  
 your trusty friend? [vow :  
 You have play'd a wise part, I make God a  
 You know what time a day it is; make you  
 ready.  
*Pithias.* Most ready I am, mighty king,  
 and most ready also  
 For my true friend Damon this life to forego,  
 Even at your pleasure.  
*Diony.* A true friend! a false traitor, that  
 so breaketh his oath! [so loth.  
 Thou shalt lose thy life though thou be never

*Pithias.* I am not loth to do whatsoever I  
 said, [may'd :  
 Ne at this present pinch of death am I dis-  
 The gods now I know have heard my fervent  
 prayer, [great honour,  
 That they have reserved me to this passing  
 To die for my friend, whose faith even now I  
 do not mistrust; [and just :  
 My friend Damon is no false traitor, he is true  
 But sith he is no god, but a man, he must do  
 as he may,  
 The wind may be contrary, sickness may let  
 him, or some misadventure by the way,  
 Which the eternal gods turn all to my glory,  
 That fame may resound how Pithias for Damon  
 did die : [can,  
 He breaketh no oath which doth as much as he  
 His mind is here, he hath some let, he is but a  
 man. [require,  
 That he might not return of all the gods I did  
 Which now to my joy doth grant my desire.  
 But why do I stay any longer, seeing that one  
 man's death  
 May suffice, O king, to pacify thy wrath?  
 O thou minister of justice, do thine office by  
 and by, [die.  
 Let not thy hand tremble, for I tremble not to  
 Stephano, the right pattern of true fidelity,  
 Commend me to thy master, my sweet Damon,  
 and of him crave liberty  
 When I am dead, in my name; for thy trusty  
 services  
 Hath well deserved a gift far better than this.  
 O my Damon, farewell now for ever, a true  
 friend, to me most dear; [of thee,  
 Whiles life doth last, my mouth shall still talk

And when I am dead, my simple ghost, true  
witness of amity, [be.  
Shall hover about the place, wheresoever thou  
*Diony.* Eubulus, this gear is strange; and  
yet because [the law.  
Damon hath fals'd his faith, Pithias shall have  
Gronno, despoil him, and eke dispatch him  
quickly.

*Gronno.* It shall be done; since you came  
into this place [space.  
I might have stroken off seven heads in this  
By'r Lady, here are good garments, these are  
mine, by the rood!

It is an evil wind that bloweth no man good.  
Now, Pithias, kneel down, ask me blessing  
like a pretty boy,  
And with a trice thy head from thy shoulders  
I will convey.

*Here entereth Damon running, and  
stays the sword.*

*Damon.* Stay, stay, stay! for the king's  
advantage, stay! [fully pass'd;  
O mighty king, mine appointed time is not yet  
Within the compass of mine hour, lo, here I  
come at last.

A life I owe, and a life I will you pay:  
O my Pithias, my noble pledge, my constant  
friend!

Ah! woe is me! for Damon's sake, how near  
were thou to thy end!

Give place to me, this room is mine, on this  
stage must I play.

Damon is the man, none ought but he to Diony-  
sius his blood to pay.

*Gronno.* Are you come, sir? you might  
have tarried, if you had been wise:

For your hasty coming you are like to know  
the price.

*Pithias.* O thou cruel minister, why didst  
not thou thine office?  
Did I not bid thee make haste in any wise?  
Hast thou spared to kill me once, that I may  
die twice?

Not to die for my friend is present death to  
me; and alas!

Shall I see my sweet Damon slain before my  
face? [Dionysius,  
What double death is this? but, O mighty  
Do true justice now: weigh this aright, thou  
noble Eubulus;

Let me have no wrong, as now stands the  
case:

Damon ought not to die, but Pithias:  
By misadventure, not by his will, his hour is  
past; therefore I,  
Because he came not at his just time, ought  
justly to die: [king,  
So was my promise, so was thy promise, O  
All this court can bear witness of this thing.

*Damon.* Not so, O mighty king: to justice  
it is contrary,  
That for another man's fault the innocent  
should die:

Ne yet is my time plainly expired, it is not  
fully noon [the town.  
Of this my day appointed, by all the clocks in  
*Pithias.* Believe no clock, the hour is past  
by the sun.

*Damon.* Ah my Pithias, shall we now break  
the bonds of amity?  
Will you now overthwart me, which heretofore  
so well did agree?

*Pithias.* My Damon, the gods forbid but  
we should agree;  
Therefore agree to this, let me perform the  
promise I made for thee.

Let me die for thee: do me not that injury,  
Both to break my promise, and to suffer me to  
see thee die, [grant me,  
Whom so dearly I love: this small request  
I shall never ask thee more, my desire is but  
friendly. [triumphantly,  
Do me this honour, that fame may report  
That Pithias for his friend Damon was con-  
tent to die.

*Damon.* That you were contented for me to  
die, fame cannot deny; [villainy,  
Yet fame shall never touch me with such a  
To report that Damon did suffer his friend  
Pithias for him guiltless to die;  
Therefore content thyself, the gods requite thy  
constant faith, [nysius' wrath.  
None but Damon's blood can appease Dio-  
And now, O mighty king, to you my talk I  
convey; [to stay,  
Because you gave me leave my worldly things  
To requite that good turn, ere I die, for your  
behalf this I say: [decketh so,  
Although your regal state dame Fortune  
That like a king in worldly wealth abundantly  
ye flow, [tread,  
Yet fickle is the ground whereon all tyrants  
A thousand sundry cares and fears do haunt  
their restless head.  
No trusty band, no faithful friends do guard  
thy hateful state.  
And why? whom men obey for deadly fear,  
sure them they deadly hate.

That you may safely reign, by love get friends,  
whose constant faith

Will never fail, this counsel gives poor Damon  
at his death.

Friends are the surest guard for kings, golden  
time do wear away,

And other precious things do fade, friendship  
will never decay. [safely sleep;

Have friends in store therefore, so shall you  
Have friends at home, of foreign foes so need  
you take no keep. [never tell;

Abandon flatt'ring tongues, whose clacks truth  
Abase the ill, advance the good, in whom dame  
virtue dwells; [earthly kings,

Let them your playfellows be: but O, you  
Your sure defence and strongest guard stands  
chiefly in faithful friends.

Then get you friends by liberal deeds; and  
here I make an end. [Pithias' friend.

Accept this counsel, mighty king, of Damon,  
O my Pithias! now farewell for ever, let me  
kiss thee ere I die,

My soul shall honour thee, thy constant faith  
above the heavens shall fly.

Come, Gronno, do thine office now; why is thy  
colour so dead?

My neck is so short, that thou wilt never have  
honesty in striking off this head.

*Diony.* Eubulus, my spirits are suddenly  
appalled, my limbs wax weak:

This strange friendship amazeth me so, that I  
can scarce speak.

*Pithias.* O mighty king, let some pity your  
noble heart meve;

You require but one man's death; take Pithias,  
let Damon live.

*Eubul.* O unspeakable friendship !

*Damon.* Not so, he hath not offended, there  
is no cause why [should die.  
My constant friend Pithias for Damon's sake  
Alas, he is but young, he may do good to  
many. [me die?

Thou coward minister, why dost thou not let  
*Gronno.* My hand with sudden fear  
quivereth.

*Pithias.* O noble king, show mercy upon  
Damon, let Pithias die.

*Diony.* Stay, Gronno, my flesh trembleth.

Eubulus, what shall I do? [these two?  
Were there ever such friends on earth as were  
What heart is so cruel that would divide them  
asunder? [wonder.

O noble friendship, I must yield ! at thy force I  
My heart this rare friendship hath pierc'd to  
the root,  
And quenched all my fury: this sight hath  
brought this about,  
Which thy grave counsel, Eubulus, and learned  
persuasion could never do.

*To Damon and Pithias.* O noble gentlemen,  
the immortal gods above [my behoof :  
Hath made you play this tragedy, I think, for  
Before this day I never knew what perfect  
friendship meant. [wholly bent.  
My cruel mind to bloody deeds was full and  
My fearful life I thought with terror to defend,  
But now I see there is no guard unto a faithful  
friend, [need :  
Which will not spare his life at time of present  
O happy kings, who in your courts have two  
such friends indeed ! [plainly see,  
I honour friendship now, which that you may

Damon, have thou thy life, from death I pardon thee; [me lend. For which good turn, I crave, this honour do O friendly heart, let me link with you, to you make me the third friend.

My court is yours; dwell here with me, by my commission large,

Myself, my realm, my wealth, my health, I commit to your charge: [that thing, Make me a third friend, more shall I joy in Than to be called, as I am, Dionysius the mighty king.

*Damon.* O mighty king, first for my life most humble thanks I give, And next, I praise the immortal gods that did your heart so meve, [heavenly lore, That you would have respect to friendship's Foreseeing well he need not fear which hath true friends in store.

For my part, most noble king, as a third friend, welcome to our friendly society; But you must forget you are a king, for friendship stands in true equality. [sessions,

*Diony.* Unequal though I be in great pos- Yet full equal shall you find me in my changed conditions. [away;

Tyranny, flattery, oppression, lo, here I cast Justice, truth, love, friendship, shall be my joy. [end;

True friendship will I honour unto my life's My greatest glory shall be to be counted a perfect friend.

*Pithias.* For this your deed, most noble king, the gods advance your name, And since to friendship's lore you list your princely heart to frame,

With joyful heart, O king, most welcome now  
to me,  
With you will I knit the perfect knot of amity.  
Wherein I shall instruct you so, and Damon  
here your friend,  
That you may know of amity the mighty force,  
and eke the joyful end : [ground,  
And how that kings do stand upon a fickle  
Within whose realm at time of need no faithful  
friends are found.

*Diony.* Your instruction will I follow ; to  
you myself I do commit.

Eubulus, make haste to fet new apparel, fit  
For my new friends.

*Eubul.* I go with joyful heart. O happy  
day ! [Aside.] *Exit.*

*Gronno.* I am glad to hear this word.  
Though their lives they do not lese,  
No reason the hangman should lose his fees :  
These are mine, I am gone with a trice.

*Exit.*

*Here entereth Eubulus with new  
garments.*

*Diony.* Put on these garments now ; go in  
with me, the jewels of my court.

*Damon and Pithias.* We go with joyful  
hearts.

*Steph.* O Damon, my dear master, in all  
this joy remember me.

*Diony.* My friend Damon, he asketh reason.

*Damon.* Stephano, for thy good service be  
thou free.

*Exeunt Dion [and all but Stephano].*

*Steph.* O most happy, pleasant, joyful, and  
triumphant day !

Poor Stephano now shall live in continual joy :

*Vive le roy*, with Damon and Pithias, in  
perfect amity,  
*Vive tu*, Stephano, in thy pleasant liberality :  
Wherein I joy as much as he that hath a con-  
quest won,  
I am a free man, none so merry as I now  
under the sun.  
Farewell, my lords, now the gods grant you all  
the sum of perfect amity,  
And me long to enjoy my long-desired liberty.

*Exit.*

*Here entereth Eubulus beating Cari-  
sophus.*

Away, villain ! away, you flatt'ring parasite !  
Away, the plague of this court ! thy filed  
tongue, that forged lies,  
No more here shall do hurt : away, false syco-  
phant ! wilt thou not ?

*Caris.* I am gone, sir, seeing it is the king's  
pleasure.

Why whip ye me alone ? a plague take Damon  
and Pithias ! since they came hither  
I am driven to seek relief abroad, alas ! I know  
not whither.

Yet, Eubulus, though I be gone, hereafter  
time shall try,

There shall be found even in this court as great  
flatterers as I.

Well, for a while I will forego the court,  
though to my great pain :

I doubt not but to spy a time, when I may  
creep in again. *Exit.*

*Eubulus.* The serpent that eats men alive,  
flattery, with all her brood,  
Is whipp'd away in princes' courts, which yet  
did never good.

What force, what mighty power true friendship may possess, [doth express :  
To all the world Dionysius' court now plainly  
Who since to faithful friends he gave his  
willing ear,  
Most safely sitteth on his seat, and sleeps  
devoid of fear. [ent'red in,  
Purged is the court of vice, since friendship  
Tyranny quails, he studieth now with love each  
heart to win.  
Virtue is had in price, and hath his just  
reward ;  
And painted speech, that gloseth for gain, from  
gifts is quite debarr'd.  
One loveth another now for virtue, not for  
gain ;  
Where virtue doth not knit the knot, there  
friendship cannot reign ;  
Without the which no house, no land, no  
kingdom can endure, [fire,  
As necessary for man's life as water, air, and  
Which frameth the mind of man all honest  
things to do. [consents thereto.  
Unhonest things friendship ne craveth, ne yet  
In wealth a double joy, in woe a present stay,  
A sweet companion in each state true friend-  
ship is alway.  
A sure defence for kings, a perfect trusty band,  
A force to assail, a shield to defend the  
enemies' cruel hand ;  
A rare and yet the greatest gift that God can  
give to man ;  
So rare, that scarce four couple of faithful  
friends have been, since the world began.  
A gift so strange and of such price, I wish all  
kings to have ;

But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly  
crave,  
True friendship and true friends, full fraught  
with constant faith,  
The giver of all friends, the Lord, grant her,  
most noble Queen Elizabeth.

*The Last Song.*

*The strongest guard that kings can have  
Are constant friends their state to save:  
True friends are constant both in word and  
deed,  
True friends are present, and help at each need :  
True friends talk truly, they glose for no gain,  
When treasure consumeth, true friends will  
remain ;  
True friends for their true prince refuseth not  
their death :  
The Lord grant her such friends, most noble  
Queen Elizabeth.*

*Long may she govern in honour and wealth,  
Void of all sickness, in most perfect health ;  
Which health to prolong, as true friends re-  
quire,  
God grant she may have her own heart's  
desire :  
Which friends will defend with most steadfast  
faith, [Queen Elizabeth.  
The Lord grant her such friends, most noble*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDY  
OF  
FERREX and PORREX

SET FORTH WITHOUT ADDITION OR ALTERA-  
TION, BUT ALTOGETHER AS THE SAME WAS  
SHOWED ON STAGE BEFORE THE  
QUEEN'S MAJESTY, ABOUT NINE  
YEARS PAST, VIZ., THE 18TH  
DAY OF JANUARY, 1561  
BY THE GENTLEMEN  
OF THE INNER-  
TEMPLE



## THE P[UBLISHER] TO THE READER

WHERE this tragedy was for furniture of part of the grand Christmas in the Inner-Temple first written about nine years ago by the Right Honourable Thomas, now Lord Buckhurst, and by T. Norton, and after showed before her Majesty, and never intended by the authors thereof to be published: yet one W.G. getting a copy thereof at some young man's hand that lacked a little money and much discretion, in the last great plague, A.M. 1563, about five years past, while the said Lord was out of England, and T. Norton far out of London, and neither of them both made privy, put it forth exceedingly corrupted: even as if by means of a broker for hire, he should have enticed into his house a fair maid and done her villany, and after all to have besmirched her face, torn her apparel, berayed and disfigured her, and then thrust her out of doors dishonestly. In such plight, after long wandering, she came at length home to the sight of her friends, who scant knew her but by a few tokens and marks remaining. They, the authors I mean, though they were very much displeased that she so ran abroad without leave, whereby she caught her shame, as many wantons do, yet seeing the case as it is remediless, have for common honesty and shamefacedness new appareled, trimmed and attired her in such form as she was before. In which better form since she hath come to me, I have harboured her for her friends' sake and her own; and I do not doubt, her parents the authors will not now be discontent that she go abroad among you, good readers, so it be in honest company. For she is by my encouragement and others somewhat less ashamed of the dishonesty done to her because it was by fraud and force. If she be welcome among you, and gently en-

tertained, in favour of the house from whence she is descended, and of her own nature courteously disposed to offend no man, her friends will thank you for it. If not, but that she shall be still reproached with her former mishap, or quarrelled at by envious persons, she, poor gentlewoman, will surely play Lucrece's part, and of herself die for shame; and I shall wish, that she had tarried still at home with me, where she was welcome: for she did never put me to more charge, but this one poor black gown lined with white that I have now given her to go abroad among you withal.



## THE ARGUMENT OF THE TRAGEDY

GORBODUC, King of Britain, divided his realm in his lifetime to his sons, Ferrex and Porrex: the sons fell to dissension: the younger killed the elder: the mother that more dearly loved the elder, for revenge killed the younger: the people, moved with the cruelty of the fact, rose in rebellion and slew both father and mother: the nobility assembled, and most terribly destroyed the rebels: and afterwards, for want of issue of the prince whereby the succession of the crown became uncertain, they fell to civil war, in which both they and many of their issues were slain, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted.

### The Names of the Speakers:

GORBODUC, King of Great Britain  
VIDENA, Queen, and Wife to King Gorboduc  
FERREX, Elder Son to King Gorboduc  
PORREX, Younger Son to King Gorboduc  
CLOYTON, Duke of Cornwall  
FERGUS, Duke of Albany  
MANDUD, Duke of Loegris  
GWENARD, Duke of Cumberland  
EUBULUS, Secretary to the King  
AROSTUS, a Councillor to the King  
DORDAN, a Councillor assigned by the King to  
his Eldest Son Ferrex  
PHILANDER, a Councillor assigned by the King  
to his Youngest Son Porrex. Both being of  
the old King's Council before  
HERMON, a Parasite, remaining with Ferrex  
TYNDAR, a Parasite, remaining with Porrex  
NUNTIUS, a Messenger of the Elder Brother's  
Death  
NUNTIUS, a Messenger of Duke Fergus' rising  
in Arms  
MARCELLA, a Lady of the Queen's Privy  
Chamber  
CHORUS, Four Ancient and Sage Men of Britain



## THE TRAGEDY OF FERREX AND PORREX

### THE ORDER OF THE DUMB SHOW BEFORE THE FIRST ACT, AND THE SIGNIFICATION THEREOF

*F*IRST the music of violins began to play, during which came in upon the stage six wild men clothed in leaves; of whom the first bare in his neck a faggot of small sticks, which they all, both severally and together, assayed with all their strength to break, but it could not be broken by them. At the length one of them plucked out one of the sticks and break it; and the rest plucking out all the other sticks one after another, did easily break them, the same being severed; which, being conjoined, they had before attempted in vain. After they had this done, they departed the stage, and the music ceased. Hereby was signified, that *a state knit in unity, doth continue strong against all force; but, being divided, is easily destroyed.* As befell upon Duke Gorboduc dividing his land to his two sons, which he before held in monarchy, and upon the dissension of the brethren to whom it was divided.

*monach  
also law  
especially*

### ACT I. SCENE I.

VIDENA. FERREX.

*Vid.* The silent night that brings the quiet pause,  
From painful travels of the weary day,  
Prolongs my careful thoughts, and makes me blame  
The slow Aurore, that so for love or shame  
Doth long delay to show her blushing face;

And now the day renews my grievful plaint.

*Ferr.* My gracious lady and my mother dear,  
Pardon my grief for your so grieved mind,  
To ask what cause tormenteth so your heart.

*Vid.* So great a wrong, and so unjust  
despite,

Without all cause, against all course of kind!

*Ferr.* Such causeless wrong and so unjust  
despite,

May have redress, or at the least, revenge.

*Vid.* Neither, my son; such is the froward  
will,

The person such, such my mishap and thine.

*Ferr.* Mine know I none, but grief for your  
distress. [no :

*Vid.* Yes; mine for thine, my son: a father?  
In kind a father, not in kindliness. [all,

*Ferr.* My father? why? I know nothing at  
Wherein I have misdone unto his grace. [me :

*Vid.* Therefore, the more unkind to thee and  
For, knowing well, my son, the tender love  
That I have ever borne and bear to thee,  
He, griev'd thereat, is not content alone  
To spoil thee of my sight, my chiefest joy,  
But thee, of thy birthright, and heritage,  
Causeless, unkindly, and in wrongful wise,  
Against all law and right he will bereave:  
Half of his kingdom he will give away.

*Ferr.* To whom?

*Vid.* Ev'n to Porrex his younger son;  
Whose growing pride I do so sore suspect,  
That being rais'd to equal rule with thee,  
Methinks I see his envious heart to swell,  
Fill'd with disdain and with ambitious hope.  
The end the gods do know, whose altars I  
Full oft have made in vain, of cattle slain

To send the sacred smoke to heaven's throne,  
For thee my son ; if things do so succeed,  
As now my jealous mind misdeemeth sore.

*Ferr.* Madam, leave care and careful plaint  
for me !

Just hath my father been to every wight :  
His first injustice he will not extend

To me, I trust, that give no cause thereof ;  
My brother's pride shall hurt himself, not me.

*Vid.* So grant the gods ! But yet thy father  
Hath firmly fixed his unmoved mind, [so  
That plaints and prayers can no whit avail ;  
For those have I assay'd, but even this day,  
He will endeavour to procure assent  
Of all his council to his fond device. [born

*Ferr.* Their ancestors from race to race have  
True faith to my forefathers and their seed :  
I trust they eke will bear the like to me. [of,

*Vid.* There resteth all ; but if they fail there-  
And if the end bring forth an ill success,  
On them and theirs the mischief shall befall,  
And so I pray the gods requite it them !

And so they will, for so is wont to be  
When lords and trusted rulers under kings,  
To please the present fancy of the prince, [ance.  
With wrong transpose the course of govern-  
Murders, mischief, or civil sword at length,  
Or mutual treason, or a just revenge,  
When right-succeeding line returns again  
By Jove's just judgment and deserved wrath,  
Brings them to cruel and reproachful death,  
And roots their names and kindreds from the  
earth.

*Ferr.* Mother, content you, you shall see the  
end. [first !

*Vid.* The end ? thy end I fear, Jove end me

## ACT I. SCENE II.

GORBODUC. AROSTUS. PHILANDER.

EUBULUS. *Secretary*

*Consort to him*  
*Secret*

*Gorb.* My lords, whose grave advice and  
faithful aid

Have long upheld my honour and my realm,  
And brought me to this age from tender years,  
Guiding so great estate with great renown,  
Now more importeth me, than erst, to use  
Your faith and wisdom, whereby yet I reign ;  
That when by death my life and rule shall cease,  
The kingdom yet may with unbroken course  
Have certain prince, by whose undoubted right,  
Your wealth and peace may stand in quiet stay :  
And eke that they, whom nature hath prepar'd  
In time to take my place in princely seat,  
While in their father's time their pliant youth  
Yields to the frame of skilful governance,  
May so be taught and train'd in noble arts,  
As what their fathers which have reign'd before  
Have with great fame derived down to them,  
With honour they may leave unto their seed ;  
And not be thought for their unworthy life,  
And for their lawless swerving out of kind,  
Worthy to lose what law and kind them gave :  
But that they may preserve the common peace,  
The cause that first began and still maintains  
The lineal course of kings' inheritance.  
For me, for mine, for you, and for the state,  
Whereof both I and you have charge and care,  
Thus do I mean to use your wonted faith  
To me and mine, and to your native land.  
My lords, be plain, without all wry respect,  
Or poisonous craft to speak in pleasing wise,

Lest as the blame of ill succeeding things  
Shall light on you, so light the harms also.

*Aros.* Your good acceptance so, most noble  
Of such our faithfulness, as heretofore [king,  
We have employ'd in duties to your grace,  
And to this realm whose worthy head you are,  
Well proves that neither you mistrust at all,  
Nor we shall need in boasting wise to show  
Our truth to you, nor yet our wakeful care  
For you, for yours, and for our native land.  
Wherefore, O king, I speak as one for all,  
Sith all as one do bear you egal faith :  
Doubt not to use our counsels and our aids  
Whose honours, goods, and lives, are whole  
avow'd

To serve, to aid, and to defend your grace.

*Gorb.* My lords, I thank you all. This is  
the case : [care  
Ye know the gods, who have the sovereign  
For kings, for kingdoms, and for common-  
weals,

Gave me two sons in my more lusty age,  
Who now in my decaying years are grown  
Well towards riper state of mind and strength,  
To take in hand some greater princely charge.  
As yet they live and spend [their] hopeful days  
With me and with their mother here in court :  
Their age now asketh other place and trade,  
And mine also doth ask another change ;  
Theirs to more travail, mine to greater ease.  
When fatal death shall end my mortal life,  
My purpose is to leave unto them twain  
The realm divided in two sundry parts :  
The one, Ferrex mine elder son shall have,  
The other, shall the younger Porrex rule.  
That both my purpose may more firmly stand,

And eke that they may better rule their charge,  
I mean forthwith to place them in the same :  
That in my life they may both learn to rule,  
And I may joy to see their ruling well.  
This is in sum what I would have ye weigh :  
First, whether ye allow my whole device,  
And think it good for me, for them, for you,  
And for our country, mother of us all :  
And if ye like it, and allow it well,  
Then for their guiding and their governance,  
Show forth such means of circumstance,  
As ye think meet to be both known and kept.  
Lo, this is all ; now tell me your advice.

*Aros.* And this is much, and asketh great  
advice ;

But for my part, my sovereign lord and king,  
This do I think : Your majesty doth know,  
How under you in justice and in peace,  
Great wealth and honour long we have enjoy'd ;  
So as we can not seem with greedy minds  
To wish for change of prince or governance :  
But if we like your purpose and device,  
Our liking must be deemed to proceed  
Of rightful reason, and of heedful care,  
Not for ourselves, but for the common state,  
Sith our own state doth need no better change :  
I think in all as erst your grace hath said.  
First, when you shall unload your aged mind  
Of heavy care and troubles manifold,  
And lay the same upon my lords your sons,  
Whose growing years may bear the burden  
(And long I pray the gods to grant it so) [long,  
And in your life while you shall so behold  
Their rule, their virtues, and their noble deeds,  
Such as their kind behighteth to us all ;  
Great be the profits that shall grow thereof,

Your age in quiet shall the longer last,  
Your lasting age shall be their longer stay :  
For cares of kings, that rule as you have rul'd  
For public wealth and not for private joy,  
Do waste man's life, and hasten crooked age  
With furrow'd face and with enfeebled limbs,  
To draw on creeping death a swifter pace. —  
They two, yet young, shall bear the parted reign  
With greater ease, than one, now old, alone  
Can wield the whole, for whom much harder is  
With lessen'd strength the double weight to  
bear.

Your eye, your counsel, and the grave regard  
Of father, yea, of such a father's name,  
Now at beginning of their sunder'd reign  
When is the hazard of their whole success,  
Shall bridle so their force of youthful heats,  
And so restrain the rage of insolence  
Which most assails the young and noble minds,  
And so shall guide and train in temper'd stay  
Their yet green bending wits with reverent awe,  
As now inur'd with virtues at the first,  
Custom, O king, shall bring delightfulness.  
By use of virtue, vice shall grow in hate ;  
But if you so dispose it, that the day [reign,  
Which ends your life, shall first begin their  
Great is the peril, what will be the end,  
When such beginning of such liberties  
Void of such stays as in your life do lie,  
Shall leave them free to random of their will,  
An open prey to traitorous flattery,  
The greatest pestilence of noble youth :  
Which peril shall be past, if in your life,  
Their temper'd youth with aged father's awe  
Be brought in ure of skilful stayedness ;  
And in your life, their lives disposed so,

Shall length your noble life in joyfulness.  
Thus think I that your grace hath wisely  
thought,

And that your tender care of common weal  
Hath bred this thought, so to divide your land,  
And plant your sons to bear the present rule  
While you yet live to see their ruling well,  
That you may longer live by joy therein.  
What further means behoofful are and meet,  
At greater leisure may your grace devise,  
When all have said; and when we be agreed  
If this be best to part the realm in twain,  
And place your sons in present government:  
Whereof as I have plainly said my mind,  
So would I hear the rest of all my lords.

*Phil.* In part I think as hath been said  
In part again my mind is otherwise. [before,  
As for dividing of this realm in twain,  
And lotting out the fame in egal parts,  
To either of my lords your grace's sons,  
That think I best for this your realm's behoof,  
For profit and advancement of your sons,  
And for your comfort and your honour eke:  
But so to place them while your life do last,  
To yield to them your royal governance,  
To be above them only in the name  
Of father, not in kingly state also,  
I think not good for you, for them, nor us.  
This kingdom since the bloody civil field,  
Where Morgan slain did yield his conquer'd  
Unto his cousin's sword in Cumberland, [part  
Containeth all that whilom did suffice  
Three noble sons of your forefather Brute:  
So your two sons, it may suffice also;  
The mo the stronger, if they gree in one:  
The smaller compass that the realm doth hold

The easier is the sway thereof to wield ;  
The nearer justice to the wronged poor  
The smaller charge, and yet enough for one.  
And when the region is divided so  
That brethren be the lords of either part, [both,  
Such strength doth nature knit between them  
In sundry bodies by conjoined love,  
That not as two, but one of doubled force,  
Each is to other as a sure defence ;  
The nobleness and glory of the one,  
Doth sharp the courage of the other's mind  
With virtuous envy to contend for praise :  
And such an egalness hath nature made,  
Between the brethren of one father's seed,  
As an unkindly wrong it seems to be,  
To throw the brother subject under feet  
Of him, whose peer he is by course of kind :  
And nature that did make this egalness,  
Oft so repineth at so great a wrong,  
That oft she raiseth up a grudging grief  
In younger brethren at the elder's state :  
Whereby both towns and kingdoms have been  
rased,  
And famous stocks of royal blood destroyed :  
The brother, that should be the brother's aid,  
And have a wakeful care for his defence,  
Gapes for his death, and blames the ling'ring  
years  
That draw not forth his end with faster course ;  
And oft impatient of so long delays,  
With hateful slaughter he prevents the fates,  
And heaps a just reward for brother's blood,  
With endless vengeance on his stock for aye.  
Such mischiefs here are wisely met withal ;  
If egal state may nourish egal love, [good.  
Where none hath cause to grudge at other's

But now the head to stoop beneath them both,  
Ne kind, ne reason, ne good order bears.  
And oft it hath been seen, where nature's course  
Hath been perverted in disorder'd wise, [rule,  
When fathers cease to know that they should  
The children cease to know they should obey : *Wise*  
And often over-kindly tenderness  
Is mother of unkindly stubbornness.  
I speak not this in envy or reproach,  
As if I grudg'd the glory of your sons,  
Whose honour I beseech the gods increase :  
Nor yet as if I thought there did remain  
So filthy cankers in their noble breasts,  
Whom I esteem (which is their greatest praise)  
Undoubted children of so good a king ;  
Only I mean to show by certain rules,  
Which kind hath graft within the mind of man,  
That nature hath her order and her course,  
Which, being broken, doth corrupt the state  
Of minds and things e'en in the best of all.  
My lord, your sons may learn to rule of you ;  
Your own example in your noble court  
Is fittest guider of their youthful years.  
If you desire to see some present joy  
By sight of their well ruling in your life,  
See them obey, so shall you see them rule :  
Whoso obeyeth not with humbleness,  
Will rule with outrage and with insolence.  
Long may they rule, I do beseech the gods ;  
But long may they learn, ere they begin to rule.  
If kind and fates would suffer, I would wish  
Them aged princes and immortal kings.  
Wherefore, most noble king, I well assent  
Between your sons that you divide your realm,  
And as in kind, so match them in degree :  
But while the gods prolong your royal life,

Prolong your reign; for thereto live you here,  
 And therefore have the gods so long forborn  
 To join you to themselves, that still you might  
 Be prince and father of our common weal:  
 (They, when they see your children ripe to rule,  
 Will make them room, and will remove you  
 That yours in right ensuing of your life [hence,  
 May rightly honour your immortal name.

*Eub.* Your wonted true regard of faithful  
 hearts

Makes me, O King, the bolder to presume  
 To speak what I conceive within my breast;  
 Although the same do not agree at all  
 With that which other here my lords have said,  
 Nor which yourself have seemed best to like.  
 Pardon I crave, and that my words be deem'd  
 To flow from hearty zeal unto your grace,  
 And to the safety of your common weal.

To part your realm unto my lords your sons,  
 I think not good for you, ne yet for them,  
 But worst of all, for this our native land:  
 Within one land, one single rule is best:  
Divided reigns do make divided hearts,  
 But peace preserves the country and the prince.

Such is in man the greedy mind to reign,  
 So great is his desire to climb aloft,  
 In worldly stage the stateliest parts to bear,  
 That faith and justice and all kindly love  
 Do yield unto desire of sovereignty,  
 Where equal state doth raise an equal hope  
 To win the thing that either would attain.  
 Your grace remembereth how in passed years,  
 The mighty Brute, first prince of all this land,  
 Possess'd the fame and rul'd it well in one:  
 He, thinking that the compass did suffice,  
 For his three sons three kingdoms eke to make,

Cut it in three, as you would now in twain :  
But how much British blood hath since been  
To join again the sunder'd unity? [spilt  
What princes slain before their timely hour?  
What waste of towns and people in the land?  
What treasons heap'd on murders and on  
spoils?

Whose just revenge e'en yet is scarcely ceased,  
Ruthful remembrance is yet raw in mind.  
The gods forbid the like to chance again :  
And you, O King, give not the cause thereof.  
My lord Ferrex your elder son, perhaps  
Whom kind and custom gives a rightful hope  
To be your heir and to succeed your reign,  
Shall think that he doth suffer greater wrong  
Than he perchance will bear, if power serve.  
Porrex the younger, so uprais'd in state,  
Perhaps in courage will be rais'd also,  
If flattery then, which fails not to assail  
The tender minds of yet unskilful youth,  
In one shall kindle and increase disdain,  
And envy in the other's heart inflame : [land,  
This fire shall waste their love, their lives, their  
And ruthful ruin shall destroy them both.  
I wish not this, O King, so to befall,  
But fear the thing that I do most abhor.  
Give no beginning to so dreadful end ;  
Keep them in order and obedience ;  
And let them both by now obeying you,  
Learn such behaviour as beseems their state ;  
The elder, mildness in his governance,  
The younger, a yielding contentedness ;  
And keep them near unto your presence still,  
That they, restrained by the awe of you,  
May live in compass of well temper'd stay,  
And pass the perils of their youthful years.

Your aged life draws on to feebler time,  
Wherein you shall less able be to bear  
The travails that in youth you have sustain'd,  
Both in your person's and your realm's defence.  
If planting now your sons in further parts,  
You send them further from your present  
reach, [demean :  
Less shall you know how they themselves  
Traitorous corrupters of their pliant youth  
Shall have unspied a much more free access ;  
And if ambition and inflam'd disdain  
Shall arm the one, the other, or them both,  
To civil war, or to usurping pride,  
Late shall you rue that you ne reck'd before.  
Good is, I grant, of all to hope the best,  
But not to live still dreadless of the worst.  
So trust the one, that th' other be foreseen.  
Arm not unskilfulness with princely power ;  
But you that long have wisely rul'd the reins  
Of royalty within your noble realm,  
So hold them, while the gods for our avail  
Shall stretch the thread of your prolonged days.  
Too soon he clamb into the flaming car,  
Whose want of skill did set the earth on fire.  
Time and example of your noble grace  
Shall teach your sons both to obey and rule ;  
When time hath taught them, time shall make  
them place,  
The place that now is full : and so I pray  
Long it remain, to comfort of us all. [part :  
*Gorb.* I take your faithful hearts in thankful  
But sith I see no cause to draw my mind,  
To fear the nature of my loving sons,  
Or to misdeem that envy or disdain [love ;  
Can there work hate, where nature planteth  
In one self purpose do I still abide :

My love extendeth egally to both,  
My land sufficeth for them both also.  
Humber shall part the marches of their realms :  
The southern part the elder shall possess,  
The northern shall Porrex the younger rule.  
In quiet I will pass mine aged days,  
Free from the travail and the painful cares  
That hasten age upon the worthiest kings.  
But lest the fraud, that ye do seem to fear  
Of flattering tongues, corrupt their tender  
youth,  
And writhe them to the ways of youthful lust,  
To climbing pride, or to revenging hate ;  
Or to neglecting of their careful charge,  
Lewdly to live in wanton recklessness ;  
Or to oppressing of the rightful cause ;  
Or not to wreak the wrongs done to the poor,  
To tread down truth, or favour false deceit ;  
I mean to join to either of my sons  
Some one of those whose long approved faith  
And wisdom tried may well assure my heart :  
That mining fraud shall find no way to creep  
Into their fenced ears with grave advice.)  
This is the end ; and so I pray you all  
To bear my sons the love and loyalty  
That I have found within your faithful breasts.  
Aros. You, nor your sons, our sovereign  
    lord, shall want  
Our faith and service while our lives do last.

## CHORUS.

When settled stay doth hold the royal throne  
In stedfast place by known and doubtless right,  
And chiefly when descent on one alone  
Makes single and unparted reign to light ;

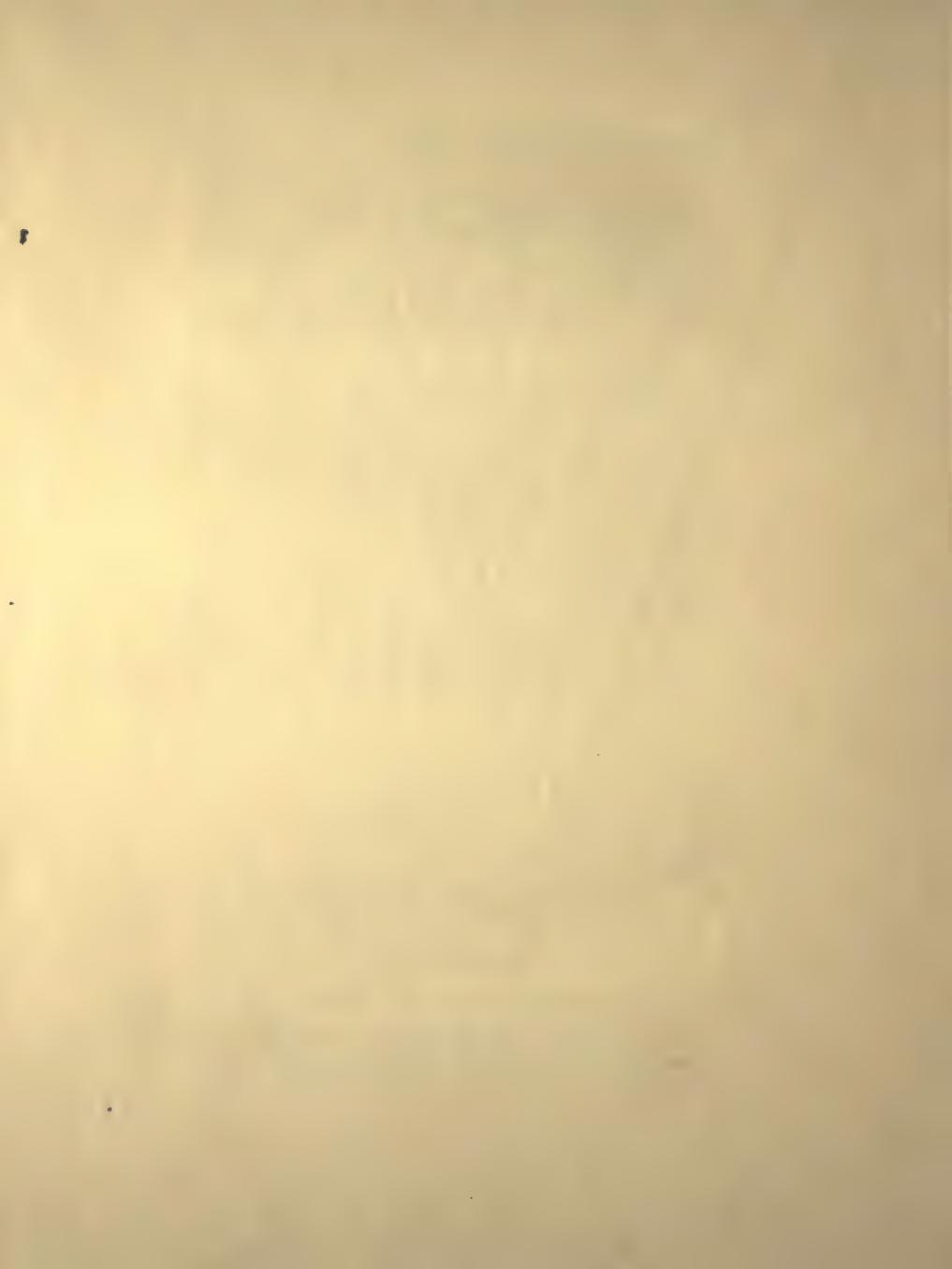
Each change of course unjoins the whole estate,  
And yields it thrall to ruin by debate.

(The strength that knit by fast accord in one,  
Against all foreign power of mighty foes,  
Could of itself defend itself alone,  
Disjoined once, the former force doth lose.)  
The sticks, that sunder'd brake so soon in  
twain,

In faggot bound attempted were in vain.

Oft tender mind that leads the partial eye  
Of erring parents in their children's love,  
Destroys the wrongly loved child thereby :  
This doth the proud son of Apollo prove,  
Who, rashly set in chariot of his fire,  
Inflam'd the parched earth with heaven's fire.

And this great king, that doth divide his land,  
And change the course of his descending crown,  
And yields the reign into his children's hand ;  
From blissful state of joy and great renown,  
A mirror shall become to princes all,  
To learn to shun the cause of such a fall.





## THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE DUMB SHOW BEFORE THE SECOND ACT

FIRST the music of cornets began to play, during which came in upon the stage a king accompanied with a number of his nobility and gentlemen. And after he had placed himself in a chair of estate prepared for him, there came and kneeled before him a grave and aged gentleman and offered up a cup unto him of wine in a glass, which the king refused. After him comes a brave and lusty young gentleman and presents the king with a cup of gold filled with poison, which the king accepted, and drinking the same, immediately fell down dead upon the stage, and so was carried thence away by his lords and gentlemen, and then the music ceased. Hereby was signified, that as glass by nature holdeth no poison, but is clear and may easily be seen through, ne boweth by any art: so a faithful counsellor holdeth no treason, but is plain and open, ne yieldeth to any indiscreet affection, but giveth wholesome counsel, which the ill-advised prince refuseth. The delightful gold filled with poison betokeneth flattery, which under fair seeming of pleasant words bear-eth deadly poison, which destroyeth the prince that receiveth it. As befel in the two brethren Ferrex and Porrex, who, refusing the wholesome advice of grave counsellors, credited these young parasites, and brought to themselves death and destruction thereby.

### ACT II. SCENE I.

FERREX. HERMON. DORDAN. *parasite counsell*

*Ferr.* I marvel much what reason led the  
My father, thus without all my desert, [king

To reave me half the kingdom, which by course  
Of law and nature should remain to me.

*Her.* If you with stubborn and untamed  
Had stood against him in rebelling wise; [pride  
Or if with grudging mind you had envied  
So slow a sliding of his aged years;  
Or sought before your time to haste the course  
Of fatal death upon his royal head;  
Or stain'd your stock with murder of your kin;  
Some face of reason might perhaps have seem'd  
To yield some likely cause to spoil ye thus.

*Ferr.* The weakful gods pour on my cursed  
Eternal plagues and never dying woes; [head  
The hellish prince adjudge my damned ghost  
To Tantal's thirst, or proud Ixion's wheel,  
Or cruel gripe to gnaw my growing heart,  
To during torments and unquenched flames;  
If ever I conceiv'd so foul a thought,  
To wish his end of life, or yet of reign.

*Dor.* Ne yet your father, O most noble  
Did ever think so foul a thing of you: [prince,  
For he, with more than father's tender love,  
While yet the fates do lend him life to rule,  
(Who long might live to see your ruling well)  
To you, my lord, and to his other son,  
Lo, he resigns his realm and royalty;  
Which never would so wise a prince have done,  
If he had once misdeem'd, that in your heart  
There ever lodged so unkind a thought.  
But tender love, my lord, and settled trust  
Of your good nature, and your noble mind,  
Made him to place you thus in royal throne,  
And now to give you half his realm to guide;  
Yea, and that half which in abounding store  
Of things that serve to make a wealthy realm,  
In stately cities, and in fruitful soil,

In temperate breathing of the milder heaven,  
In things of needful use, which friendly sea  
Transports by traffick from the foreign parts,  
In flowing wealth, in honour and in force,  
Doth pass the double value of the part  
That Porrex hath allotted to his reign.  
Such is your case, such is your father's love.

*Ferr.* Ah love, my friends? love wrongs not  
whom he loves. [you

*Dor.* Ne yet he wrongeth you, that giveth  
So large a reign, ere that the course of time  
Bring you to kingdom by descended right,  
Which time perhaps might end your time  
before. [from me

*Ferr.* Is this no wrong, say you, to reave  
My native right of half so great a realm?  
And thus to match his younger son with me  
In equal pow'r, and in as great degree? [pride  
Yea, and what son? the son whose swelling  
Would never yield one point of reverence,  
When I the elder and apparent heir  
Stood in the likelihood to possess the whole;  
Yea, and that son which from his childish age  
Envieth mine honour, and doth hate my life.  
What will he now do, when his pride, his rage,  
The mindful malice of his grudging heart,  
Is arm'd with force, with wealth, and kingly  
state? [wrong

*Her.* Was this not wrong? Yea ill-advised  
To give so mad a man so sharp a sword,  
To so great peril of so great mishap,  
Wide open thus to set so large a way. [this,

*Dor.* Alas, my lord, what griefful thing is  
That of your brother you can think so ill?  
I never saw him utter likely sign  
Whereby a man might see or once misdeem

Such hate of you, ne such unyielding pride :  
Ill is their counsel, shameful be their end,  
That, raising such mistrustful fear in you,  
Sowing the seed of such unkindly hate,  
Travail by treason to destroy you both.  
Wise is your brother and of noble hope,  
Worthy to wield a large and mighty realm ;  
So much a stronger friend have you thereby,  
Whose strength is your strength, if you gree in  
one,

*Her.* If nature and the gods had pinched so  
Their flowing bounty, and their noble gifts  
Of princely qualities from you, my lord,  
And pour'd them all at once in wasteful wise  
Upon your father's younger son alone ;  
Perhaps there be, that in your prejudice [ness :  
Would say that birth should yield to worthi-  
But sith in each good gift and princely art  
Ye are his match, and in the chief of all—  
In mildness and in sober governance—  
Ye far surmount ; and sith there is in you  
Sufficing skill and hopeful towardness [praise,  
To wield the whole, and match your elder's  
I see no cause why ye should lose the half,  
Ne would I wish you yield to such a loss :  
Lest your mild sufferance of so great a wrong  
Be deemed cowardishe and simple dread,  
Which shall give courage to the fiery head  
Of your young brother to invade the whole.  
While yet therefore sticks in the people's mind  
The loathed wrong of your disheritance ;  
And ere your brother have by settled power,  
By guileful cloak of an alluring show,  
Got him some force and favour in the realm ;  
And while the noble queen your mother lives,  
To work and practice all for your avail ;

Attempt redress by arms, and wreak yourself  
Upon his life that gaineth by your loss,  
Who now to shame of you, and grief of us,  
In your own kingdom triumphs over you :  
Show now your courage meet for kingly state,  
That they which have avow'd to spend their  
goods, [cause,  
Their lands, their lives, and honours in your  
May be the bolder to maintain your part  
When they do see that coward fear in you  
Shall not betray ne fail their faithful hearts.  
If once the death of Porrex end the strife,  
And pay the price of his usurped reign,  
Your mother shall persuade the angry king,  
The lords your friends eke shall appease his  
rage;

For they be wise, and well they can foresee  
That ere long time your aged father's death  
Will bring a time when you shall well requite  
Their friendly favour, or their hateful spite,  
Yea, or their slackness to avaunce your cause.  
" Wise men do not so hang on passing state  
" Of present princes, chiefly in their age,  
" But they will further cast their reaching eye,  
" To view and weigh the times and reigns to  
come."

Ne is it likely, though the king be wroth,  
That he yet will, or that the realm will bear  
Extreme revenge upon his only son :  
Or if he would, what one is he that dare  
Be minister to such an enterprise?  
And here you be now placed in your own,  
Amid your friends, your vassals and your  
strength :  
We shall defend and keep your person safe  
Till either counsel turn his tender mind,

Or age, or sorrow end his weary days.  
 But if the fear of gods, and secret grudge  
 Of nature's law, repining at the fact,  
 Withhold your courage from so great attempt,  
 Know ye, that lust of kingdoms hath no law,  
 The gods do bear and well allow in kings  
 The things [that] they abhor in rascal routs.  
 " When kings on slender quarrels run to wars,  
 " And then in cruel and unkindly wise  
 " Command thefts, rapes, murders of innocents,  
 " The spoil of towns, ruins of mighty realms;  
 " Think you such princes do suppose them-  
 selves  
 " Subject to laws of kind, and fear of gods? "  
 Murders, and violent thefts in private men  
 Are heinous crimes and full of foul reproach:  
 Yet none offence, but deck'd with glorious name  
 Of noble conquests in the hands of kings.  
 But if you like not yet so hot device,  
 Ne list to take such vantage of the time,  
 But, though with peril of your own estate,  
 You will not be the first that shall invade;  
 Assemble yet your force for your defence,  
 And for your safety stand upon your guard.

*Dor.* O heaven! was there ever heard or  
 So wicked counsel to a noble prince? [known  
 Let me, my lord, disclose unto your grace  
 This heinous tale, what mischief it contains;  
 Your father's death, your brother's, and your  
 Your present murder, and eternal shame. [own,  
 Hear me, O king, and suffer not to sink  
 So high a treason in your princely breast.

*Ferr.* The mighty gods forbid, that ever I  
 Should once conceive such mischief in my heart. )  
 Although my brother hath bereft my realm,  
 And bear perhaps to me an hateful mind,

Shall I revenge it with his death therefore?  
Or shall I so destroy my father's life  
That gave me life? the gods forbid, I say;  
Cease you to speak so any more to me.  
Ne you, my friend, with answer once repeat  
So foul a tale: in silence let it die.  
What lord or subject shall have hope at all  
That under me they safely shall enjoy  
Their goods, their honours, lands, and liberties,  
With whom neither one only brother dear,  
Ne father dearer, could enjoy their lives?  
But sith I fear my younger brother's rage,  
And sith perhaps some other man may give  
Some like advice, to move his grudging head  
At mine estate, which counsel may perchance  
Take greater force with him, than this with me;  
I will in secret so prepare myself,  
As, if his malice or his lust to reign  
Break forth in arms or sudden violence,  
I may withstand his rage, and keep mine own.)

*Dor.* I fear the fatal time now draweth on  
When civil hate shall end the noble line  
Of famous Brute, and of his royal seed:  
Great Jove, defend the mischiefs now at hand!  
O that the secretary's wise advice [king  
Had erst been heard, when he besought the  
Not to divide his land, nor send his sons  
To further parts from presence of his court,  
Ne yet to yield to them his governance.  
Lo, such are they now in the royal throne  
As was rash Phaeton in Phœbus' car;  
Ne then the fiery steeds did draw the flame  
With wilder randon through the kindled skies,  
Than traitorous counsel now will whirl about  
The youthful heads of these unskilful kings.  
( But I hereof their father will inform;

The reverence of him perhaps shall stay  
 The growing mischiefs) while they yet are  
 green :  
 If this help not, then woe unto themselves,  
 The prince, the people, the divided land !

## ACT II. SCENE II.

PORREX. TYNDAR. PHILANDER.

*Wishes for fall  
 my undivided  
 mischiefs  
 even*

*Porr.* And is it thus? and doth he so prepare  
 Against his brother as his mortal foe?  
 And now while yet his aged father lives?)  
 Neither regards he him? nor fears he me?  
 War would he have? and he shall have it so.

*Tyn.* I saw myself the great prepared store  
 Of horse, of armour, and of weapon there;  
 Ne bring I to my lord reported tales  
 Without the ground of seen and searched truth.  
 Lo, secret quarrels run about his court  
 To bring the name of you, my lord, in hate.  
 Each man almost can now debate the cause  
 And ask a reason of so great a wrong,  
 Why he so noble and so wise a prince  
 Is, as unworthy, reft his heritage?  
 And why the king, misled by crafty means,  
 Divided thus his land from course of right?  
 The wiser sort hold down their griefful heads;  
 Each man withdraws from talk and company  
 Of those that have been known to favour you :  
 To hide the mischief of their meaning there,  
 Rumours are spread of your preparing here.  
 The rascal numbers of unskilful sort,  
 Are fill'd with monstrous tales of you and yours.  
 In secret I was counsell'd by my friends

To haste me thence, and brought you, as you  
know,

Letters from those that both can truly tell,  
And would not write unless they knew it well.

*Phil.* My lord, yet ere you move unkindly  
war,

Send to your brother to demand the cause :  
Perhaps some traitorous tales have fill'd his ears  
With false reports against your noble grace ;  
Which once disclos'd, shall end the growing  
strife,

That else not stay'd with wise foresight in time,  
Shall hazard both your kingdoms and your  
lives :

Send to your father eke, he shall appease  
Your kindled minds, and rid you of this fear.

*Porr.* Rid me of fear ? I fear him not at all ;  
Ne will to him, ne to my father send.

If danger were for one to tarry there,  
Think ye it safety to return again ?

In mischiefs, such as Ferrex now intends,  
The wonted courteous laws to messengers  
Are not observ'd, which in just war they use.  
Shall I so hazard any one of mine ?

Shall I betray my trusty friends to him  
That have disclos'd his treason unto me ?

Let him entreat that fears, I fear him not :  
Or shall I to the king my father send ?

Yea, and send now while such a mother lives  
That loves my brother and that hateth me ?

Shall I give leisure, by my fond delays,  
To Ferrex to oppress me all unware ?

I will not ; but I will invade his realm,  
And seek the traitor-prince within his court.

Mischief for mischief is a due reward.)

His wretched head shall pay the worthy price

Of this his treason and his hate to me.  
 Shall I abide, and treat, and send, and pray,  
 And hold my yielden throat to traitor's knife,  
 While I with valiant mind and conquering force  
 Might rid myself of foes, and win a realm?  
 Yet rather, when I have the wretch's head,  
 Then to the king my father will I send.  
 The bootless case may yet appease his wrath :  
 If not, I will defend me as I may.

*Phil.* Lo, here the end of these two youthful  
 kings!

The father's death ! the ruin of their realms !  
 " O most unhappy state of counsellors  
 " That light on so unhappy lords and times,  
 " That neither can their good advice be heard,  
 " Yet must they bear the blames of ill success."  
 But I will to the king their father haste,  
 Ere this mischief come to the likely end,  
 That if the mindful wrath of wreakful gods  
 Since mighty Ilion's fall, not yet appeased  
 With these poor remnants of the Trojan name,  
 Have not determin'd by unmoved fate  
 Out of this realm to raze the British line ;  
 By good advice, by awe of father's name,  
 By force of wiser lords, this kindled hate  
 May yet be quench'd, ere it consume us all.

### CHORUS.

When youth not bridled with a guiding stay  
 Is left to randon of their own delight, [sway,  
 And wields whole realms, by force of sovereign  
 Great is the danger of unmaster'd might,  
 Lest skilless rage throw down with headlong fall  
 Their lands, their states, their lives, themselves  
 and all.

When growing pride doth fill the swelling  
breast,  
And greedy lust doth raise the climbing mind,  
O, hardly may the peril be repress'd;  
Ne fear of angry gods, ne laws of kind,  
Ne country's care can fired hearts restrain,  
When force hath armed envy and disdain.

(When kings of foreset will neglect the rede  
Of best advice, and yield to pleasing tales,  
That do their fancy's noisome humour feed,  
Ne reason, nor regard of right avails :  
Succeeding heaps of plagues shall teach too late,  
To learn the mischiefs of misguided state.

Foul fall the traitor false, that undermines  
The love of brethren, to destroy them both !  
Woe to the prince that pliant ear inclines,  
And yields his mind to poisonous tale that  
floweth  
From flattering mouth ! and woe to wretched  
land  
That wastes itself with civil sword in hand !  
Lo thus it is, poison in gold to take,  
And wholesome drink in homely cup forsake.





## THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE DUMB SHOW BEFORE THE THIRD ACT

FIRST the music of flutes began to play, during which came in upon the stage a company of mourners all clad in black, betokening death and sorrow to ensue upon the ill-advised misgovernment and dissension of brethren, as befel upon the murder of Ferrex by his younger brother. After the mourners had passed thrice about the stage, they departed, and then the music ceased.

### ACT III. SCENE I.

GORBODUC. EUBULUS. AROSTUS.  
PHILANDER. NUNTIUS.

*Gorb.* O cruel fates, O mindful wrath of  
gods, [streams  
Whose vengeance neither Simois' stained  
Flowing with blood of Trojan princes slain,  
Nor Phrygian fields made rank with corpses  
dead

Of Asian kings and lords, can yet appease;  
Ne slaughter of unhappy Priam's race,  
Nor Ilion's fall made level with the soil,  
Can yet suffice: but still continued rage  
Pursues our lines, and from the farthest seas  
Doth chase the issues of destroyed Troy.  
"O, no man happy till his end be seen."  
If any flowing wealth and seeming joy

In present years might make a happy wight,  
 Happy was Hecuba, the woefullest wretch  
 That ever liv'd to make a mirror of ;  
 And happy Priam with his noble sons ;  
 And happy I, till now alas, I see  
 And feel my most unhappy wretchedness.  
 Behold, my lords, read ye this letter here ;  
 Lo, it contains the ruin of our realm  
 If timely speed provide not hasty help.  
 Yet, O ye gods, if ever woeful king  
 Might move you kings of kings, wreak it on me  
 And on my sons, not on this guiltless realm :  
 Send down your wasting flames from wrathful  
 skies,

To reave me and my sons the hateful breath.  
 Read, read, my lords ; this is the matter why  
 I call'd ye now to have your good advice.

*The Letter from DORDAN the Counsellor of the  
 Elder Prince.*

EUBULUS readeth the letter.

My sovereign lord, what I am loth to write  
 But lothest am to see, that I am forced  
 By letters now to make you understand.  
 My lord Ferrex, your eldest son, misled  
 By traitorous fraud of young untemper'd wits,  
 Assembleth force against your younger son ;  
 Ne can my counsel yet withdraw the heat  
 And furious pangs of his inflamed head.  
 Disdain, saith he, of his disinheritance,  
 Arms him to wreak the great pretended wrong  
 With civil sword upon his brother's life.  
 If present help do not restrain this rage, [you.  
 This flame will waste your sons, your land, and  
 Your Majesty's faithful and most  
 humble subject,

DORDAN.

*Aros.* O king, appease your grief and stay  
your plaint :  
Great is the matter and a woeful case ;  
But timely knowledge may bring timely help.  
Send for them both unto your presence here :  
The reverence of your honour, age, and state,  
Your grave advice, the awe of father's name,  
Shall quickly knit again this broken peace.  
And if in either of my lords your sons  
Be such untamed and unyielding pride,  
As will not bend unto your noble hests ;  
If Ferrex the elder son can bear no peer,  
Or Porrex not content, aspires to more  
Than you him gave, above his native right ;  
Join with the juster side, so shall you force  
Them to agree, and hold the land in stay.

*Eub.* What meaneth this ? Lo, yonder  
comes in haste  
Philander from my lord your younger son.

*Gorb.* The gods send joyful news .  
*Phil.* The mighty Jove  
Preserve your majesty, O noble king.

*Gorb.* Philander, welcome ; but how doth  
my son ?  
*Phil.* Your son, sir, lives ; and healthy I him  
left :

But yet, O king, the want of lustful health  
Could not be half so grievful to your grace  
As these most wretched tidings that I bring.

*Gorb.* O heavens, yet more ? not end of woes  
to me ?

*Phil.* Tyndar, O king, came lately from the  
Of Ferrex, to my lord your younger son, [court  
And made report of great prepared store  
For war, and saith that it is wholly meant  
Against Porrex, for high disdain that he

Lives now a king, and equal in degree  
 With him that claimeth to succeed the whole,  
 As by due title of descending right.  
 Porrex is now so set on flaming fire,  
 Partly with kindled rage of cruel wrath,  
 Partly with hope to gain a realm thereby,  
 That he in haste prepareth to invade  
 His brother's land, and with unkindly war  
 Threatens the murder of your elder son;  
 Ne could I him persuade, that first he should  
 Send to his brother to demand the cause;  
 Nor yet to you, to stay this hateful strife.  
 Wherefore, sith there no more I can be heard,  
 I come myself now to inform your grace,  
 And to beseech you, as you love the life  
 And safety of your children and your realm,  
 Now to employ your wisdom and your force,  
 To stay this mischief ere it be too late.

*Gorb.* Are they in arms? would he not send  
 Is this the honour of a father's name? [to me?  
 In vain we travail to assuage their minds:  
 As if their hearts, whom neither brother's love,  
 Nor father's awe, nor kingdom's cares can  
 move,

Our councils could withdraw from raging heat.  
 Jove slay them both, and end the cursed line!  
 For though, perhaps, fear of such mighty force  
 As I, my lords, joined with your noble aids,  
 May yet raise, shall repress their present heat;  
 The secret grudge and malice will remain,  
 The fire not quench'd, but kept in close restraint,  
 Fed still within, breaks forth with double flame:  
 Their death and mine must 'pease the angry  
 gods.

*Phil.* Yield not, O king, so much to weak  
 despair:

Your sons yet live ; and long, I trust, they shall.  
If fates had taken you from earthly life,  
Before beginning of this civil strife,  
Perhaps your sons in their unmaster'd youth,  
Loose from regard of any living wight,  
Would run on headlong, with unbridled race,  
To their own death, and ruin of this realm.  
But sith the gods, that have the care for kings,  
Of things and times dispose the order so,  
That in your life this kindled flame breaks forth,  
While yet your life, your wisdom, and your  
pow'r,

May stay the growing mischief, and repress  
The fiery blaze of their inkindled heat ;  
It seems, and so ye ought to deem thereof,  
That loving Jove hath temper'd so the time  
Of this debate to happen in your days,  
That you yet living may the same appease,  
And add it to the glory of your latter age,  
And they your sons may learn to live in peace.  
Beware, O king, the greatest harm of all,  
Lest by your wailful plaints your hastened death  
Yield larger room unto their growing rage :  
Preserve your life, the only hope of stay.  
And if your highness herein list to use  
Wisdom or force, council or knightly aid,  
Lo we, our persons, pow'rs, and lives are yours :  
Use us till death ; O king, we are your own.

*Eub.* Lo here the peril that was erst foreseen,  
When you, O king, did first divide your land,  
And yield your present reign unto your sons.  
But now, O noble prince, now is no time  
To wail and plain, and waste your woeful life ;  
Now is the time for present good advice—  
Sorrow doth dark the judgment of the wit.  
“ The heart unbroken, and the courage free

“ From feeble faintness of bootless despair,  
 “ Doth either rise to safety or renown  
 “ By noble valour of unvanquish’d mind ;  
 “ Or yet doth perish in more happy sort.”  
 Your grace may send to either of your sons  
 Some one both wise and noble personage,  
 Which with good counsel, and with weighty  
 Of father, shall present before their eyes [name  
 Your hest, your life, your safety and their own,  
 The present mischief of their deadly strife :  
 And in the while, assemble you the force  
 Which your commandment, and the speedy  
 Of all my lords here present can prepare. [haste  
 The terror of your mighty pow’r shall stay  
 The rage of both, or yet of one at least.

*Nunt.* O king, the greatest grief that ever  
 prince did hear,  
 That ever woeful messenger did tell,  
 That ever wretched land hath seen before,  
 I bring to you : Porrex your younger son,  
 With sudden force invaded hath the land  
 That you to Ferrex did allot to rule ;  
 And with his own most bloody hand he hath  
 His brother slain, and doth possess his realm.

*Gorb.* O heav’ns ! send down the flames of  
your revenge,  
 Destroy, I say, with flash of wreakful fire,  
 The traitor son, and then the wretched sire !  
 But let us go, that yet perhaps I may  
 Die with revenge, and 'pease the hateful gods.

### CHORUS.

The lust of kingdom knows no sacred faith,  
 No rule of reason, no regard of right,

No kindly love, no fear of heaven's wrath :  
But with contempt of gods, and man's despite,  
Through bloody slaughter doth prepare the  
To fatal sceptre, and accursed reign : [ways  
The son so loathes the father's ling'ring days,  
Ne dreads his hand in brother's blood to stain.  
O wretched prince, ne dost thou yet record  
The yet fresh murders done within the land  
Of thy forefathers, when the cruel sword  
Bereft Morgan his life with cousin's hand?  
Thus fatal plagues pursue the guilty race,  
Whose murderous hand, imbru'd with guiltless  
blood,  
Asks vengeance still before the heavens' face,  
With endless mischiefs on the cursed brood.  
The wicked child thus brings to woeful sire  
The mournful plaints to waste his very life ;  
Thus do the cruel flames of civil fire  
Destroy the parted reign with hateful strife :  
And hence doth spring the well from which doth  
flow  
The dead black streams of mourning, plaints,  
and woe.





## THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE DUMB SHOW BEFORE THE FOURTH ACT

FIRST the music of hautboys began to play, during which there came from under the stage, as though out of hell, three furies, Alecto, Megera, and Ctesiphone, clad in black garments sprinkled with blood and flames, their bodies girt with snakes, their heads spread with serpents instead of hair, the one bearing in her hand a snake, the other a whip, and the third a burning firebrand, each driving before them a king and a queen, which, moved by furies, unnaturally had slain their own children. The names of the kings and queens were these, Tantalus, Medea, Athamas, Ino, Cambyses, Althea; after that the furies and these had passed about the stage thrice, they departed, and then the music ceased. Hereby was signified the unnatural murders to follow; that is to say, Porrex slain by his own mother, and of King Gorbuduc and Queen Viden killed by their own subjects.

### ACT IV. SCENE I.

*VIDEN sola.*

*Queen*  
*Viden.* Why should I live, and linger forth  
In longer life to double my distress? [my time  
O me most woeful wight, whom no mishap,  
Long ere this day could have bereaved hence.  
Mought not these hands by fortune or by fate  
Have pierc'd this breast, and life with iron reft?  
Or in this palace here, where I so long  
Have spent my days, could not that happy hour

Once, once have hap'd, in which these hugy frames

With death by fall might have oppressed me?  
Or should not this most hard and cruel soil,  
So oft where I have press'd my wretched steps,  
Sometime had ruth of mine accursed life,  
To rend in twain [and] swallow me therein?

So had my bones possessed now in peace  
Their happy grave within the closed ground,  
And greedy worms had gnawn this pined heart  
Without my feeling pain: so should not now  
This living breast remain the ruthful tomb  
Wherein my heart yielden to death is graved:  
Nor dreary thoughts with pangs of pining grief,  
My doleful mind had not afflicted thus.

O my beloved son! O my sweet child!  
My dear Ferrex, my joy, my life's delight!  
Is my beloved son, is my sweet child,  
My dear Ferrex, my joy, my life's delight,  
Murder'd with cruel death? O hateful wretch!

O heinous traitor both to heaven and earth!  
Thou, Porrex, thou this damned deed hast wrought;

Thou, Porrex, thou shalt dearly bye the same:  
Traitor to kin and kind, to sire and me,  
To thine own flesh, and traitor to thyself:  
The gods on thee in hell shall wreak thei[r] wrath,

And here in earth this hand shall take revenge  
On thee, Porrex, thou false and caitif wight;  
If after blood so eager were thy thirst,  
And murd'rous mind had so possessed thee;  
If such hard heart of rock and stony flint  
Liv'd in thy breast, that nothing else could like  
Thy cruel tyrant's thought but death and blood:  
Wild savage beasts, might not their slaughter  
To feed thy greedy will, and in the midst [serve

Of their entrails to stain thy deadly hands  
With blood deserv'd, and drink thereof thy fill?  
Or if nought else but death and blood of man  
Mought please thy lust, could none in Britain  
land

Whose heart be torn out of his panting breast  
With thine own hand, or work what death thou  
Suffice to make a sacrifice to 'pease [wouldst,  
That deadly mind and murderous thought in  
thee?

But he who in the selfsame womb was wrapp'd  
Where thou in dismal hour receivedst life?

Or if needs, needs, thy hand must slaughter  
make, [wound,  
Moughtest thou not have reach'd a mortal  
And with thy sword have pierc'd this cursed  
womb

That the accursed Porrex brought to light,  
And given me a just reward therefore?

So Ferrex, yet sweet life mought have enjoyed,  
And to his aged father comfort brought, [live.  
With some young son in whom they both might  
But whereunto waste I this ruthful speech,  
To thee that hast thy brother's blood thus shed?  
Shall I still think that from this womb thou  
sprung?

That I thee bare? or take thee for my son?  
No, traitor, no: I thee refuse for mine;  
Murderer, I thee renounce, thou art not mine:  
Never, O wretch, this womb conceived thee,  
Nor never bode I painful throes for thee.  
Changeling to me thou art, and not my child,  
Nor to no wight that spark of pity knew:  
Ruthless, unkind, monster of nature's work,  
Thou never suck'd the milk of woman's breast,  
But from thy birth the cruel tiger's teats

Have nursed thee, nor yet of flesh and blood  
 Form'd is thy heart, but of hard iron wrought ;  
 And wild and desert woods bred thee to life.  
 But canst thou hope to 'scape my just revenge ?  
 Or that these hands will not be broke on thee ?  
 Dost thou not know that Ferrex' mother lives,  
 That loved him more dearly than herself ?  
 And doth she live, and is not veng'd on thee ?

## ACT IV. SCENE II.

GORBODUC. AROSTUS. EUBULUS. PORREX.  
 MARCELLA.

*Gorb.* We marvel much whereto this ling'ring  
 Falls out so long : Porrex unto our court, [stay  
 By order of our letters is returned ;  
 And Eubulus receiv'd from us by hest  
 At his arrival here, to give him charge  
 Before our presence straight to make repair,  
 And yet we have no word whereof he stays.

*Aros.* Lo where he comes, and Eubulus with  
 him.

*Eub.* According to your highness' hest to me,  
 Here have I Porrex brought, even in such sort  
 As from his wearied horse he did alight,  
 For that your grace did will such haste therein.

*Gorb.* We like and praise this speedy will in  
 you,  
 To work the thing that to your charge we gave.  
 Porrex, if we so far should swerve from kind,  
 And from those bounds which law of nature sets,  
 As thou hast done by vile and wretched deed,  
 In cruel murder of thy brother's life ;  
 Our present hand could stay no longer time,

But straight should bathe this blade in blood of  
 As just revenge of thy detested crime. [thee,  
 No; we should not offend the law of kind  
 If now this sword of ours did slay thee here :  
 For thou hast murder'd him, whose heinous  
 death

Even nature's force doth move us to revenge  
 By blood again ; and justice forceth us  
 To measure death for death, thy due desert :  
 Yet sithens thou art our child, and sith as yet  
 In this hard case what word thou canst allege  
 For thy defence, by us hath not been heard,  
 We are content to stay our will for that  
 Which justice bids us presently to work ;  
 And give thee leave to use thy speech at full,  
 If aught thou have to lay for thine excuse.

*Porr.* Neither, O king, I can or will deny,  
 But that this hand from Ferrex life hath reft :  
 Which fact how much my doleful heart doth  
 wail,  
 O ! would it mought as full appear to sight  
 As inward grief doth pour it forth to me.  
 So yet perhaps, if ever ruthful heart  
 Melting in tears within a manly breast,  
 Through deep repentance of his bloody fact,  
 If ever grief, if ever woeful man  
 Might move regret with sorrow of his fault,  
 I think, the torment of my mournful case  
 Known to your grace, as I do feel the same,  
 Would force even wrath herself to pity me.  
 But as the water troubled with the mud, [see,  
 Shows not the face which else the eye should  
 Even so your iresful mind with stirred thought  
 Cannot so perfectly discern my cause.  
 But this unhappy, amongst so many heaps  
 I must content me with, most wretched man,

ED.

K

*deep regret*

That to myself I must reserve my woe,  
 In pining thoughts of mine accursed fact :  
 Since I may not show here my smallest grief,  
 Such as it is, and as my breast endures,  
 Which I esteem the greatest misery  
 Of all mishaps that fortune now can send.  
 Not that I rest in hope with plaint and tears  
 To purchase life; for to the gods I clepe *call*  
 For true record of this my faithful speech;  
 Never this heart shall have the thoughtful dread  
 To die the death that by your grace's doom,  
 By just desert, shall be pronounc'd to me :  
 Nor never shall this tongue once spend the  
 Pardon to crave, or seek by suit to live. [speech  
 I mean not this, as though I were not touch'd  
 With care of dreadful death, or that I held  
 Life in contempt; but that I know the mind  
 Stoops to no dread, although the flesh be frail :  
 And for my guilt, I yield the same so great,  
 As in myself I find a fear to sue  
 For grant of life.

*Gorb.* In vain, O wretch, thou show'st  
 A woeful heart; Ferrex now lies in grave,  
 Slain by thy hand.

*Porr.* Yet this, O father, hear;  
 And then I end: Your majesty well knows  
 That when my brother Ferrex and myself  
 By your own hest were join'd in governance  
 Of this your grace's realm of Britain land,  
 I never sought nor travail'd for the same;  
 Nor by myself, nor by no friend I wrought,  
 But from your highness' will alone it sprung,  
 Of your most gracious goodness bent to me,  
 But how my brother's heart e'en then repin'd  
 With swol'n disdain against mine egal rule,)  
 Seeing that realm which by descent should grow

Wholly to him, allotted half to me?  
E'en in your highness' court he now remains,  
And with my brother then in nearest place,  
Who can record what proof thereof was show'd,  
And how my brother's envious heart appear'd.  
Yet I that judged it my part to seek  
His favour and good-will, and loth to make  
Your highness know the things which should  
have brought

Grief to your grace, and your offence to him,  
Hoping my earnest suit should soon have won  
A loving heart within a brother's breast,  
Wrought in that sort, that for a pledge of love  
And faithful heart he gave to me his hand.

This made me think that he had banish'd quite  
All rancour from his thought, and bare to me  
Such hearty love, as I did owe to him :  
But after once we left your grace's court,  
And from your highness' presence liv'd apart,  
This egal rule still, still, did grudge him so,  
That now those envious sparks which erst lay  
In living cinders of dissembling breast, [rak'd  
Kindled so far within his heart disdain,)  
That longer could he not refrain from proof  
Of secret practice to deprive me life  
By poison's force ; and had bereft me so,  
If mine own servant, hired to this fact,  
And mov'd by troth with hate to work the  
In time had not bewray'd it unto me. [same,  
When thus I saw the knot of love unknit,  
All honest league and faithful promise broke,  
The law of kind and troth thus rent in twain,  
His heart on mischief set, and in his breast  
Black treason hid ; then, then, did I despair  
That ever time could win him friend to me ;  
Then saw I how he smil'd with slaying knife

Wrapp'd under cloak; then saw I deep deceit  
Lurk in his face, and death prepar'd for me:  
Even nature mov'd me then to hold my life  
More dear to me than his, and bad this hand,  
Since by his life my death must needs ensue,  
And by his death my life to be preserv'd,  
To shed his blood, and seek my safety so;  
And wisdom willed me, without protract,  
In speedy wise to put the same in ure.  
Thus have I told the cause that moved me  
To work my brother's death, and so I yield  
My life, my death, to judgment of your grace.

*Gorb.* O cruel wight, should any cause prevail  
To make thee stain thy hands with brother's  
But what of thee we will resolve to do [blood?  
Shall yet remain unknown: thou in the mean  
Shalt from our royal presence banish'd be,  
Until our princely pleasure further shall  
To thee be show'd; depart therefore our sight,  
Accursed child! What cruel destiny,  
What foward fate hath sorted us this chance,  
That even in those where we should comfort  
Where our delight now in our aged days [find;  
Should rest and be, even there our only grief  
And deepest sorrows to abridge our life,  
Most pining cares and deadly thoughts do grow.

*Aros.* Your grace should now, in these grave  
years of yours  
Have found ere this the price of mortal joys;  
How short they be; how fading here in earth;  
How full of change; how brittle our estate;  
Of nothing sure, save only of the death,  
To whom both man and all the world doth owe  
Their end at last; neither should nature's power  
In other sort against your heart prevail,  
Than as the naked hand whose stroke assays

The armed breast where force doth light in vain.

*Gorb.* Many can yield right sage and grave advice

Of patient sprite to others wrapp'd in woe;  
And can in speech both rule and conquer kind;  
Who if by proof they might feel nature's force,  
Would show themselves men as they are indeed,  
Which now will needs be gods. But what doth  
mean

The sorry cheer of her that here doth come?

*Mar.* O, where is ruth? or where is pity  
Whither is gentle heart and mercy fled? [now?  
Are they exil'd out of our stony breasts,  
Never to make return? Is all the world  
Drowned in blood, and sunk in cruelty?  
If not in women mercy may be found,  
If not, alas, within the mother's breast,  
To her own child, to her own flesh and blood;  
If ruth be banish'd thence; if pity there  
May have no place; if there no gentle heart  
Do live and dwell, where should we seek it then?

*Gorb.* Madam, alas, what means your woeful  
tale?

*Mar.* O silly woman I; why to this hour  
Have kind and fortune thus deferr'd my breath  
That I should live to see this doleful day?  
Will ever wight believe that such hard heart  
Could rest within the cruel mother's breast?  
With her own hand to slay her only son?  
But out alas, these eyes beheld the same:  
They saw the dreary sight, and are becomen  
Most ruthful records of the bloody fact.  
Porrex, alas, is by his mother slain,  
And with her hand, a woeful thing to tell,  
While slumbering on his careful bed he rests,  
His heart stab'd in with knife is reft of life.

*Gorb.* O Eubulus, O, draw this sword of ours, [light, And pierce this heart with speed. O hateful O loathsome life, O sweet and welcome death ! Dear Eubulus, work this we thee beseech.

*Eub.* Patient your grace, perhaps he liveth yet,

With wound receiv'd, but not of certain death.

*Gorb.* O let us then repair unto the place, And see if Porrex live, or thus be slain.

*Mar.* Alas, he liveth not ! it is too true. That with these eyes, of him a peerless prince, Son to a king, and in the flower of youth, Even with a twink a senseless stock I saw.

*Aros.* O damned deed.

*Mar.* But hear his ruthful end : The noble prince, pierc'd with the sudden wound, Out of his wretched slumber hastily start, Whose strength now failing, straight he overthrew,

When in the fall his eyes even now unclos'd Beheld the queen, and cry'd to her for help. We then, alas, the ladies which that time Did there attend, seeing that heinous deed, And hearing him oft call the wretched name Of mother, and to cry to her for aid, Whose direful hand gave him the mortal wound, Pitying (alas, for nought else could we do) His ruthful end, ran to the woeful bed, Despoiled straight his breast, and, all we might, Wiped in vain with napkins next at hand The sudden streams of blood that flushed fast Out of the gaping wound. O, what a look ! O, what a ruthful, stedfast eye, methought He fix'd upon my face, which to my death Will never part fro me ! when with a braid,

A deep set sigh he gave, and therewithal  
Clasping his hands, to heav'n he cast his sight ;  
And straight pale death pressing within his face,  
The flying ghost his mortal corps forsook.

*Aros.* Never did age bring forth so vile a  
fact !

*Mar.* O hard and cruel hap, that thus assigned  
Unto so worthy a wight so wretched end :  
But most hard cruel heart, that could consent  
To lend the hateful destinies that hand,  
By which, alas, so heinous crime was wrought !  
O queen of adamant ! O marble breast !  
If not the favour of his comely face,  
If not his princely cheer and countenance,  
His valiant active arms, his manly breast,  
If not his fair and seemly personage,  
His noble limbs, in such proportion cast  
As would have rap'd a silly woman's thought ;  
If this mought not have mov'd thy bloody heart,  
And that most cruel hand, the wretched weapon  
E'en to let fall, and kiss him in the face,  
With tears for ruth to reave such one by death :  
Should nature yet consent to slay her son ?  
O mother, thou to murder thus thy child ?  
E'en Jove with justice must with lightning  
flames [on thee.

From heaven send down some strange revenge  
Ah, noble prince, how oft have I beheld  
Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling steed,  
Shining in armour bright before the tilt,  
And with thy mistress' sleeve tied on thy helm,  
And charge thy staff to please thy lady's eye,  
That bow'd the head-piece of thy friendly foe ?  
How oft in arms on horse to bend the mace ?  
How oft in arms on foot to break the sword ?  
Which never now these eyes may see again.

*Mar. (continued)*  
What sense  
mar. ch.  
first  
which o  
fortune fo

*Aros.* Madam, alas, in vain these plaints are  
Rather with me depart, and help to suage [shed,  
The thoughtful griefs that in the aged king  
Must needs by nature grow by death of this  
His only son, whom he did hold so dear.

*Mar.* What wight is that which saw that I  
did see,  
And could refrain to wail with plaint and tears?  
Not I, alas! that heart is not in me:  
But let us go, for I am griev'd anew,  
To call to mind the wretched father's woe.

### CHORUS.

When greedy lust in royal seat to reign  
Hath reft all care of gods and eke of men,  
And cruel heart, wrath, treason and disdain,  
Within ambitious breast are lodged, then  
Behold how mischief wide herself displays,  
And with the brother's hand the brother slays.

When blood thus shed doth stain the heaven's  
Crying to Jove for vengeance of the deed, [face  
The mighty God e'en moveth from his place  
With wrath to wreak; then sends he forth with  
speed

The dreadful furies, daughters of the night,  
With serpents girt, carrying the whip of ire,  
With hair of stinging snakes, and shining bright  
With flames and blood, and with a brand of fire:  
These for revenge of wretched murder done,  
Do make the mother kill her only son.

Blood asketh blood, and death must death re-  
Jove by his just and everlasting doom [quite:  
Justly hath ever so requited it;

The times before record, and times to come  
Shall find it true, and so doth present proof  
Present before our eyes for our behoof.

O happy wight, that suffers not the snare  
Of murderous mind to tangle him in blood ;  
And happy he, that can in time beware  
By others' harms, and turn it to his good :  
But woe to him, that fearing not t' offend,  
Doth serve his lust, and will not see the end.





## THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE DUMB SHOW BEFORE THE FIFTH ACT

FIRST the drums and flutes began to sound, during which there came forth upon the stage a company of harquebusiers and of armed men, all in order of battle. These, after their pieces discharged, and that the armed men had three times marched about the stage, departed, and then the drums and flutes did cease. Hereby was signified tumults, rebellions, arms and civil wars to follow, as fell in the realm of Great Britain, which by the space of fifty years and more, continued in civil war between the nobility after the death of King Gorboduc and of his issues, for want of certain limitation in succession of the crown, till the time of Dunwallo Molmutius, who reduced the land to monarchy.

### ACT V. SCENE I.

CLOTYN. MANDUD. GWENARD. FERGUS.  
EUBULUS.

*Clo.* Did ever age bring forth such tyrants'  
hearts?

The brother hath bereft the brother's life;  
The mother she hath dyed her cruel hands  
In blood of her own son, and now at last  
The people, lo, forgetting troth and love,  
Contemning quite both law and loyal heart,  
E'en they have slain their sovereign lord, and  
queen.

*Man.* Shall this their traitorous crime un-punish'd rest?

E'en yet they cease not, carried on with rage,  
In their rebellious routs, to threaten still  
A new bloodshed unto the prince's kin,  
To slay them all, and to uproot the race  
Both of the king and queen, so are they mov'd  
With Porrex' death, wherein they falsely charge  
The guiltless king without desert at all,  
And trait'rously have murdered him therefore,  
And eke the queen.

*Gwen.* Shall subjects dare with force  
To work revenge upon their prince's fact?  
Admit the worst that may, as sure in this  
The deed was foul, the queen to slay her son,  
Shall yet the subject seek to take the sword,  
Arise against his lord, and slay his king?  
O wretched state, where those rebellious hearts  
Are not rent out e'en from their living breasts,  
And with the body thrown unto the fowls  
As carrion food, for terror of the rest.

*Ferg.* There can no punishment be thought  
too great  
For this so grievous crime: let speed therefore  
Be us'd therein, for it behoveth so.

*Eub.* Ye all, my lords, I see, consent in one,  
And I as one consent with ye in all.  
I hold it more than need, with sharpest law  
To punish this tumultuous bloody rage:  
For nothing more may shake the common state  
Than sufferance of uproars without redress;  
Whereby how some kingdoms of mighty power,  
After great conquests made, and flourishing  
In fame and wealth, have been to ruin brought,  
I pray to Jove that we may rather wail  
Such hap in them, than witness in ourselves.

Eke fully with the duke my mind agrees,  
Though kings forget to govern as they ought,  
Yet subjects must obey as they are bound.  
But now, my lords, before ye farther wade,  
Or spend your speech, what sharp revenge shall  
fall

By justice' plague on these rebellious wights ;  
Methinks, ye rather should first search the way  
By which in time, the rage of this uproar  
Mought be repress'd, and these great tumults  
ceased.

Even yet the life of Britain land doth hang  
In traitors balance of unegal weight ;  
Think not, my lords, the death of Gorboduc,  
Nor yet Videna's blood will cease their rage :  
E'en our own lives, our wives and children  
dear,

*country before family*  
Our country, dear'st of all, in danger stands  
Now to be spoil'd ; now, now made desolate,  
And by ourselves a conquest to ensue.  
For, give once sway unto the people's lusts,  
To rush forth on, and stay them not in time,  
And as the stream that rolleth down the hill,  
So will they headlong run with raging thoughts  
From blood to blood, from mischief unto moe,  
To ruin of the realm, themselves and all :  
So giddy are the common people's minds,  
So glad of change, more wavering than the sea.  
Ye see, my lords, what strength these rebels  
What hugy number is assembled still : [have ;  
For though the traitorous fact for which they  
rose [field ;

Be wrought and done, yet lodge they still in  
So that how far their furies yet will stretch  
Great cause we have to dread. That we may  
seek

By present battle to repress their power,  
Speed must we use to levy force therefore ;  
For either they forthwith will mischief work,  
Or their rebellious roars forthwith will cease :  
These violent things may have no lasting long.  
Let us therefore use this for present help ;  
Persuade by gentle speech, and offer grace,  
With gift of pardon, save unto the chief,  
And that upon condition that forthwith  
They yield the captains of their enterprise  
To bear such guerdon of their traitorous fact,  
As may be both due vengeance to themselves,  
And wholesome terror to posterity.

This shall, I think, scatter the greatest part  
That now are holden with desire of home,  
Wearied in field with cold of winter's nights,  
And some, no doubt, stricken with dread of law.  
When this is once proclaimed, it shall make  
The captains to mistrust the multitude,  
Whose safety bids them to betray their heads ;  
And so much more, because the rascal routs,  
In things of great and perilous attempts,  
Are never trusty to the noble race.

And while we treat and stand on terms of grace,  
We shall both stay their fury's rage the while,  
And eke gain time, whose only help sufficeth  
Withouten war to vanquish rebels' power.

In the mean while, make you in readiness  
Such band of horsemen as ye may prepare :  
Horsemen, you know, are not the commons  
strength,

But are the force and store of noble men,  
Whereby the unchosen and unarmed sort  
Of skilless rebels, whom none other power  
But number makes to be of dreadful force,  
With sudden brunt may quickly be oppress'd.

And if this gentle mean of proffer'd grace,  
With stubborn hearts cannot so far avail  
As to assuage their desp'rate courages,  
Then do I wish such slaughter to be made,  
As present age and eke posterity  
May be adrad with horror of revenge,  
That justly then shall on these rebels fall :  
This is, my lords, the sum of mine advice.

*Clo.* Neither this case admits debate at  
large ; [said  
And though it did, this speech that hath been  
Hath well abridg'd the tale I would have told.  
Fully with Eubulus do I consent  
In all that he hath said : and if the same  
To you, my lords, may seem for best advice,  
I wish that it should straight be put in ure.

*Man.* My lords, then let us presently depart,  
And follow this that liketh us so well.

*Ferg.* If ever time to gain a kingdom here  
Were offer'd man, now it is offer'd me.  
The realm is reft both of their king and queen ;  
The offspring of the prince is slain and dead :  
No issue now remains ; the heir unknown ;  
The people are in arms and mutinies ;  
The nobles they are busied how to cease  
These great rebellious tumults and uproars ;  
And Britain land now desert left alone,  
Amid these broils uncertain where to rest,  
Offers herself unto that noble heart  
That will or dare pursue to bear her crown.  
Shall I, that am the duke of Albany,  
Descended from that line of noble blood,  
Which hath so long flourished in worthy fame  
Of valiant hearts, such as in noble breasts  
Of right should rest above the baser sort,  
Refuse to venture life to win a crown ?

*ferrex  
and  
porrex*

Whom shall I find enemies that will withstand  
 My fact herein, if I attempt by arms  
 To seek the same now in these times of broil?  
 These dukes' power can hardly well appease  
 The people that already are in arms :  
 But if perhaps my force be once in field,  
 Is not my strength in pow'r above the best  
 Of all these lords now left in Britain land?  
 And though they should match me with power  
 of men,  
 Yet doubtful is the chance of battles join'd :  
 If victors of the field we may depart,  
 Ours is the sceptre then of Great Britain ;  
 If slain amid the plain this body lie,  
 Mine enemies yet shall not deny me this,  
 But that I died giving the noble charge,  
 To hazard life for conquest of a crown.  
 Forthwith therefore will I in post depart  
 To Albany, and raise in armour there  
 All pow'r I can : and here my secret friends  
 By secret practice shall solicit still,  
 To seek to win to me the people's hearts.

## ACT V. SCENE II.

EUBULUS. CLOTYN. MANDUD. GWENARD.  
 AROSTUS. NUNTIUS.

*Eub.* O Jove, how are these people's hearts  
 abus'd?  
 What blind fury thus headlong carries them?  
 That though so many books, so many rolls  
 Of ancient time, record what grievous plagues  
 Light on these rebels aye, and though so oft  
 Their ears have heard their aged fathers tell

What just reward these traitors still receive,  
Yea, though themselves have seen deep death  
and blood,  
By strangling cord and slaughter of the sword,  
To such assign'd, yet can they not beware;  
Yet can not stay their lewd rebellious hands :  
But suffering, lo, foul treason to distain  
Their wretched minds, forget their loyal heart,  
Reject all truth, and rise against their prince.  
A ruthful case, that those whom duty's bond,  
Whom grafted law by nature, truth, and faith,  
Bound to preserve their country and their king,  
Born to defend their commonwealth and prince ;  
E'en they should give consent thus to subvert  
Thee, Britain land, and from thy womb should  
spring,

O native soil, those that will needs destroy  
And ruin thee, and eke themselves in fine.

( For lo, when once the dukes had offer'd grace  
Of pardon sweet, the multitude, misled  
By traitorous fraud of their ungracious heads,  
One sort that saw the dangerous success  
Of stubborn standing in rebellious war,  
And knew the difference of prince's power  
From headless number of tumultuous routs,  
Whom common country's care, and private  
fear,

( Taught to repent the error of their rage,  
Laid hands upon the captains of their band,  
And brought them bound unto the mighty  
dukes :

And other sort, not trusting yet so well  
The truth of pardon, or mistrusting more  
Their own offence, than that they could con-  
ceive

Such hope of pardon for so foul misdeed ;

ED.

L

Or for that they their captains could not yield,  
Who, fearing to be yielded, fled before,  
Stale home by silence of the secret night :  
The third unhappy and enraged sort  
Of desp'rate hearts, who, stain'd in princes'  
blood,

From traitorous furor could not be withdrawn  
By love, by law, by grace, ne yet by fear,  
By proffer'd life, ne yet by threaten'd death ;  
With minds hopeless of life, dreadless of death,  
Careless of country, and aweless of God,  
Stood bent to fight as furies did them move,  
With violent death to close their traitorous life.  
These all by power of horsemen were oppress'd,  
And with revenging sword slain in the field,  
Or with the strangling cord hang'd on the tree ;  
Where yet their carrion carcases do preach,  
The fruits that rebels reap of their uproars,  
And of the murder of their sacred prince.  
But lo, where do approach the noble dukes,  
By whom those tumults have been thus  
appeas'd.

*Clo.* I think the world will now at length  
beware,

And fear to put on arms against their prince.

*Man.* If not? those traitorous hearts that  
dare rebel,

Let them behold the wide and hugy fields  
With blood and bodies spread of rebels slain,  
The lofty trees clothed with the corpses dead,  
That, strangled with the cord, do hang thereon.

*Aros.* A just reward, such as all times  
before

Have ever lotted to those wretched folks.

*Gwen.* But what means he that cometh  
here so fast?

*Nunt.* My lords, as duty and my troth doth move,  
And of my country work a care in me,  
That if the spending of my breath avail'd  
To do the service that my heart desires,  
I would not shun t' embrace a present death;  
So have I now in that wherein I thought  
My travail mought perform some good effect,  
Ventur'd my life to bring these tidings here.  
Fergus, the mighty duke of Albany,  
Is now in arms, and lodgeth in the field  
With twenty thousand men; hither he bends  
His speedy march, and minds to invade the crown:  
Daily he gathereth strength, and spreads abroad,  
That to this realm no certain heir remains,  
That Britain land is left without a guide,  
That he the sceptre seeks for nothing else  
But to preserve the people and the land,  
Which now remain as ship without a stern.  
Lo, this is that which I have here to say.

*Clo.* Is this his faith? and shall he falsely thus  
Abuse the vantage of unhappy times?  
O wretched land, if his outrageous pride,  
His cruel and untemper'd wilfulness,  
His deep dissembling shows of false pretence,  
Should once attain the crown of Britain land!  
Let us, my lords, with timely force resist  
The new attempt of this our common foe,  
As we would quench the flames of common fire.

*Man.* Though we remain with[*out*] a certain prince  
To wield the realm, or guide the wand'ring rule,  
Yet now the common mother of us all,

Our native land, our country, that contains  
Our wives, children, kindred, ourselves, and all  
That ever is or may be dear to man,  
Cries unto us to help ourselves and her.  
Let us advance our powers to repress  
This growing foe of all our liberties.

*Gwen.* Yea, let us so, my lords, with hasty  
speed—

And ye, O gods, send us the welcome death  
To shed our blood in field, and leave us not  
In loathsome life to linger out our days,  
To see the hugy heaps of these unhaps  
That now roll down upon the wretched land,  
Where empty place of princely governance,  
No certain stay now left of doubtless heir,  
Thus leave this guideless realm an open prey  
To endless storms and waste of civil war.

*Aros.* That ye, my lords, do so agree in one,  
To save your country from the violent reign  
And wrongfully usurped tyranny  
Of him that threatens conquest of you all,  
To save your realm, and in this realm your-  
selves

From foreign thraldom of so proud a prince,  
Much do I praise; and I beseech the gods,  
With happy honour to requite it you.  
But O, my lords, sith now the heavens' wrath  
Hath reft this land the issue of their prince,  
Sith of the body of our late sovereign lord  
Remains no moe, since the young kings be slain,  
And of the title of descended crown  
Uncertainly the divers minds do think  
Even of the learned sort, and more uncertainly  
Will partial fancy and affection deem;  
But most uncertainly will climbing pride,  
And hope of reign, withdraw to sundry parts

The doubtful right and hopeful lust to reign.  
When once this noble service is achieved  
For Britain land, the mother of ye all,  
When once ye have with armed force repress'd  
The proud attempts of this Albanian prince,  
That threatens thralldom to your native land,  
When ye shall vanquishers return from field,  
And find the princely state an open prey  
To greedy lust, and to usurping power;  
Then, then, my lords, if ever kindly care  
Of ancient honour of your ancestors,  
Of present wealth and noblesse of your stocks,  
Yea, of the lives and safety yet to come  
Of your dear wives, your children, and your-  
selves,  
Might move your noble hearts with gentle  
ruth,  
Then, then, have pity on the torn estate;  
Then help to salve the wellnear hopeless sore;  
Which ye shall do, if ye yourselves withhold  
The slaying knife from your own mother's  
throat:  
Her shall you save, and you, and yours in her,  
If ye shall all with one assent forbear  
Once to lay hand, or take unto yourselves  
The crown, by colour of pretended right,  
Or by what other means soe'er it be,  
Till first by common counsel of you all  
In parliament, the regal diadem  
Be set in certain place of governance;  
In which your parliament, and in your choice,  
Prefer the right, my lords, with[out] respect  
Of strength or friends, or whatsoever cause  
That may set forward any other's part;  
For right will last, and wrong can not endure:  
Right, mean I his or hers, upon whose name

The people rest by mean of native line,  
 Or by the virtue of some former law  
 Already made their title to advance.  
 Such one, my lords, let be your chosen king ;  
 Such one so born within your native land ;  
 Such one prefer ; and in no wise admit  
 The heavy yoke of foreign governance :  
 Let foreign titles yield to public wealth.  
 And with that heart wherewith ye now prepare  
 Thus to withstand the proud invading foe,  
 With that same heart, my lords, keep out also  
 Unnatural thraldom of strangers' reign,  
 Ne suffer you, against the rules of kind,  
 Your mother land to serve a foreign prince.

*Eub.* Lo, here the end of Brutus' royal line,  
 And, lo, the entry to the woeful wreck  
 And utter ruin of this noble realm.  
 The royal king, and eke his sons are slain ;  
 No ruler rests within the regal seat ;  
 The heir, to whom the sceptre longs, unknown ;  
 That to each force of foreign prince's power,  
 Whom vantage of our wretched state may  
 move  
 By sudden arms to gain so rich a realm ;  
 And to the proud and greedy mind at home,  
 Whom blinded lust to reign leads to aspire.  
 Lo, Britain realm is left an open prey,  
 A present spoil by conquest to ensue.  
 Who seeth not now how many rising minds  
 Do feed their thoughts with hope to reach a  
 realm ?  
 And who will not by force attempt to win  
 So great a gain that hope persuades to have ?  
 A simple colour shall for title serve.  
 Who wins the royal crown will want no right ;  
 Nor such as shall display by long descent

A lineal race to prove him lawful king.  
In the meanwhile these civil arms shall rage,  
And thus a thousand mischiefs shall unfold,  
And far and near spread thee, O Britain land;  
All right and law shall cease; and he that had  
Nothing to-day, to-morrow shall enjoy  
Great heaps of gold; and he that flow'd in  
wealth,  
Lo, he shall be bereft of life and all;  
And happiest he that then possesseth least:  
The wives shall suffer rape, the maids deflour'd,  
And children fatherless shall weep and wail;  
With fire and sword thy native folk shall  
perish:

One kinsman shall bereave another's life;  
The father shall unwitting slay the son;  
The son shall slay the sire, and know it not.  
Women and maids the cruel soldiers' swords  
Shall pierce to death, and silly children, lo,  
That play in the streets and fields are found,  
By violent hand shall close their latter day.  
Whom shall the fierce and bloody soldier  
Reserve to life? whom shall he spare from  
death?

E'en thou, O wretched mother, half alive,  
Thou shalt behold thy dear and only child  
Slain with the sword, while he yet sucks thy  
breast.

Lo, guiltless blood shall thus eachwhere be  
Thus shall the wasted soil yield forth no fruit,  
But dearth and famine shall possess the land.  
The towns shall be consum'd and burnt with  
The peopled cities shall wax desolate; [fire;  
And thou, O Britain, whilom in renown,  
Whilom in wealth and fame, shalt thus be torn,  
Dismember'd thus, and thus be rent in twain;

Thus wasted and defaced, spoiled and destroyed :

These be the fruits your civil wars will bring.  
Hereto it comes, when kings will not consent  
To grave advice, but follow wilful will.  
This is the end, when in fond princes' hearts  
Flattery prevails, and sage rede hath no place.  
These are the plagues, when murder is the  
mean

To make new heirs unto the royal crown.  
Thus break the gods, when that the mother's  
wrath

Nought but the blood of her own child may  
suage.

These mischiefs spring when rebels will arise  
To work revenge, and judge their prince's fact.  
This, this ensues when noble men do fail  
In loyal troth, and subjects will be kings :  
And this doth grow, when, lo, unto the prince  
Whom death or sudden hap of life bereaves,  
No certain heir remains, such certain heir,  
As not all only is the rightful heir  
But to the realm is so made known to be,  
And troth thereby vested in subjects' hearts,  
To owe faith there, where right is known to rest.  
Alas, in parliament what hope can be,  
When is of parliament no hope at all ?  
Which, though it be assembled by consent,  
Yet is not likely with consent to end ;  
While each one for himself, or for his friend  
Against his foe, shall travail what he may.  
While now the state left open to the man  
That shall with greatest force invade the same  
Shall fill ambitious minds with gaping hope,  
When will they once with yielding hearts agree ?  
Or in the while, how shall the realm be used ?

No, no; then parliament should have been  
holden,  
And certain heirs appointed to the crown  
To stay the title of established right,  
And in the people plant obedience,  
While yet the prince did live, whose name and  
By lawful summons and authority [power  
Might make a parliament to be of force,  
And might have set the state in quiet stay:  
But now, O happy man, whom speedy death  
Deprives of life, ne is enforc'd to see  
These hugy mischiefs and these miseries,  
These civil wars, these murders, and these  
wrongs  
Of justice, yet must God in fine restore  
This noble crown unto the lawful heir:  
For right will always live, and rise at length,  
But wrong can never take deep root to last.

THE END OF THE TRAGEDY OF FERREX AND  
PORREX.

[*Colophon.*]

Imprinted at London by John Daye, dwelling ouer  
Aldersgate.



# A NOTE-BOOK AND WORD-LIST

INCLUDING

CONTEMPORARY REFERENCES, BIBLIOGRAPHY,  
VARIORUM READINGS, NOTES, &c., together  
with a GLOSSARY OF WORDS AND PHRASES  
now Archaic or Obsolete; the whole  
arranged in ONE ALPHABET IN DICTIONARY  
FORM

## A FOREWORD TO NOTE-BOOK AND WORD-LIST

*Reference from text to Note-Book is copious, and as complete as may be; so also, conversely, from Note-Book to text. The following pages may, with almost absolute certainty, be consulted on any point that may occur in the course of reading; but more especially as regards*

*Biographical and other Notes,*

*Contemporary References to Author and Plays,*

*Bibliography,*

*Variorum Readings,*

*Words and Phrases, now Obsolete or Archaic.*

*The scheme of reference from Note-Book to text assumes the division, in the mind's eye, of each page into four horizontal sections; which, beginning at the top, are indicated in the Note-Book by the letters a, b, c, d following the page figure. In practice this will be found easy, and an enormous help to the eye over the usual reference to page alone in "fixing" the "catchword." Thus 126a=the first quarter of page 126; 40c=the third quarter of page 40; and so forth.*

### *Abbreviations.*

*D. Damon and Pithias.*

*G. Gorboduc (otherwise Ferrex and Porrex).*



NOTE-BOOK AND WORD-LIST  
TO THE DRAMATIC WRITINGS OF  
RICHARD EDWARDS  
THOMAS NORTON  
AND THOMAS SACKVILLE, VIZ.:

*Damon and Pithias—Gorboduc (or Ferrex and Porrex)*

ABYE, see Bye.

ACE, “bate me an *ace*,” &c. (D. 60a), not in Heywood’s *Proverbs* (E.E.D.S.); but, in *The Four P.P.*, he has “I pass you an *ace*.” It appears in Ray’s collection. He remarks, “Who this *Bolton* was I know not, neither is it worth enquiring. One of this name might happen to say, *Bate me an ace*, and, for the coincidence of the first letters of the two words *Bate* and *Bolton*, it grew to be a proverb. We have many of the like original; as *v.g.* *Sup*, *Simon*, &c., *Stay*, *quoth Stringer*, &c. There goes a story of Queen Elizabeth, that being presented with a Collection of English Proverbs, and told by the author that it contained all the English Proverbs, nay, replied she, *Bate me an ace*, *quoth Bolton*: which Proverb being instantly looked for, happened to be wanting in his Collection.” Which story may, or may not, be authentic: it would be a matter of interest to know who was the “author” referred to, for we have no trace. Still, the proverb was current long before Ray’s time, as there are numerous illustrations of its use—that in *Damon and Pithias* is, I fancy, the earliest known. In *The Mastive*, by H. P. (? Henry Parrot), published in 1615, occurs,

“A pamphlet was of proverbs, penn’d by Polton  
Wherein he thought all sorts included were; Until one  
told him, *Bate m’ an ace, quoth Bolton*: Indeed (said  
he) that proverb is not there.”

ADRAD, “postery may be *adrād*” (G. 143a), afraid,  
frightened. “The lady wase nevyr so *adrād*.”—  
*Torrent of Portugal*, 13. “And was *adrād* of Gyle.”  
—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1383), 558.

ALBANIAN, “this *Albanian prince*” (G. 149a), from  
Albion=Britain: said to have been so called by Julius  
Cæsar on account of its chalky cliffs.

ALLOW, “whether ye *allow* my whole device” (G. 94a)  
—“*allow* it well” (94b), approve, declare to be true:  
American by survival. “And have hope toward God  
which they themselves also *allow*, that there shal  
be a resurrection of the dead.”—*Bible*, Auth. Vers.  
(1611), *Acts xxiv.* 15.

ALOYSE, “*aloyse, aloyse, how, how* pretty it is”  
(D. 61d), the text is probably corrupt: the first *how*  
may=Ho!

AUTHORS, “the time, the place, the *authors*” (D. 5a),  
in second edition *author*.

BATE, see Ace.

BEARD, “I have *played with his beard*” (D. 10a), i.e.  
deceived him, deluded him: there are several variants  
of the phrase.

BECOMEN, “*becomen* most ruthful records” (G. 133d),  
become.

BEES, “*hath bees in his head*” (D. 13a), is choleric,  
angry: the modern “bees in one’s bonnet” signifies  
a degree of craziness and oddity rather than temper.  
See Udall, *Roister Doister* (E.E.D.S.), 30c.

BEHIGHTETH, “such as their kind *behighteth* to us  
all” (G. 94d), promiseth. “And for his paines a  
whistle him *behight*.”—Spenser, *Fairy Queen* (1596),  
IV. xi. 6.

BEHOOVEFUL, “What further means *behooveful* are and  
meet” (G. 96b), desirable, needful, profitable. “And  
that they the same Gilde or fraternyte myght augu-  
mente and enlarge, as ofte and when it shuld seeme to

theym necessarie and *behoufull*, . . .”—*English Gilds* (1389-1450), E.E.T.S., p. 310. “*Jul.* No, madam: we have cull'd such necessaries As are *behoeful* for our state to-morrow.”—Shakspeare, *Rom. and Jul.* (1595), iv. 3 (*Globe*).

BENTERS, “these *benters*” (D. 50d), Hazlitt glosses this word, “sacks to carry coals,” and refers to the Fr. *benne* with a similar meaning: which may, or may not, be. A little lower down (60d) *debenters* is used with, apparently, the same meaning. Possibly the word is from *bent*=a coarse reed or grass used in making the sacks for Grim’s coals: some varieties were suitable for such a purpose.

BLADE, “I will *blade* it out” (D. 28d), Hazlitt says= *blab*; but surely *blade* is here used in the same sense as a modern ruffian would say, “I’ll knife it out”: cf. *blade*=to trim hedges.

BOP, “to bear the *bob*” (D. 63b), made a fool of, outwitted: cf. “give the *dor*.” “*C.* I guess the business. *S.* It can be no other But to *give me the bob*, that being a matter of main importance.”—Massinger, *Maid of Honour* (1632), iv. 5.

BODE, “never *bode* I painful throes for thee” (G. 127d), from *bide*=endure, suffer. “Poor naked wretches, wheresoe’er you are, That *bide* the pelting of this pitiless storm!”—Shakspeare, *Lear* (1605), iii. 4.

BOLTON, see Ace.

BRAID, “with a *braid*” (G. 134d), start, rush, sudden movement; such as a toss of the head, a sudden blow, a quick retort. “*Scho brayd hit a-don at on brayd*,” i.e. she threw it down at one start or movement.—*Seven Sages* (Wright), 17.

BRIARS, “left his friend in the *briars*” (D. 66c), in difficulty, misfortune, or doubt. “. . . leaue vs your friendes in the *briers* and betray vs, . . .”—Stow, *Edward VI.* (1552).

BROOM, see New broom.

BRUTE, “the mighty *Brute*, first prince of all this land” (G. 99d): see *Geoffrey of Monmouth*, I.

BUM, “*bum troth*” (D. 56b), by my troth.

BUSSING, "set out your *bussing base*" (D. 63b), *i.e.* an indistinct kind of humming in a base voice.

BYE, "thou shalt dearly *bye* the same" (G. 126c), *i.e.* abide by the results: see previous volumes of this series, s.v. Aby, Abie, &c.

CAREFUL, "on his *careful bed* he rests" (G. 133d), bed of care: cf. *careful for*=anxious for; also *hateful*=full of hate.

CAT IN PAN, see *Oxford English Dictionary*.

CENTUM PRO CENTO (D. 59c), in allusion to usury: see previous lines.

CHA, CHOULD, CHWAS, &c. (*passim*), the conventional dialect of rustics in our early drama: see previous volumes of this series. Edwards was a Somersetshire man, and this "dialect" nearly approaches that of his district.

CLEPE, "for to the gods I *clepe*" (G. 130a), call. "They *clepe* us drunkards, and with swinish phrase Tax our addition."—Shakspeare, *Hamlet* (1596), i. 4.

COBEX EPI (D. 53b), see Variorum Readings, s.v. *Damon and Pithias*, *infra*: Hazlitt has the note, "Colliers used to be nicknamed 'Carry coals,'" and alters the text to "'tis Coals I spy.'" See Nares, s.v. Coals.

COCK, "farewell, *Cock*" (D. 65a), a familiar address.

COLPHEG, "I'll *colpheg* you" (D. 45b), the sense is clear enough—cudgel, beat, drub; and, for the rest, see Murray in *O.E.D.*

COMICAL, "in *comical wise*" (D. 3b), *i.e.* suited to comedy. "Such toys to see as heretofore in *comical* wise were wont abroad to be."—*Misogonus*, E.E.D.S., *Anon. Plays*, Series 2, 135c.

CONTRIVED, "we three have *contrived*" (D. 14d), passed, spent: Lat. *contrivi* from *contero*. "Coyllus *contrived* (*contrivit*) all his youthe in the service of their wars."—*Trans. of Polydore Vergil* (Camden Soc.), i. 81. "Please ye we may *contrive* this after-

noon, And quaff carouses to our mistress' health."—Shakspeare, *Tam. of Shrew* (1593), i. 2.

COWARDISHE, "deemed *cowardishe*" (G. 108c), cowardice, extreme timidity.

CRAB, "a crab in the fire" (D. 59c), see other volumes of this series.

CRETIZO, &c. (D. 47c), in reference to the double-dealing of the Cretans.

CROYDEN, "a right *Croyden sanguine*" (D. 62a): Hazlitt says, "From the manner in which this expression is used by Sir John Harrington, in 'The Anatomie of the Metamorphosis of Ajax,' 1596, sig. L, 7, it seems as though it was intended for a sallow hue.—'Both of a complexion inclining to the oriental colour of a *Croyden sanguine*.'"

DAMON AND PITHIAS. The *text* of this play, which will be found on pp. 1-84, has been taken from the edition of 1571, which, in turn, has been collated with that of 1582. Copies of both editions are in the British Museum. It has been reprinted in modern times, (a) in Dodsley's *Select Collection of Old Plays*, 1744, vol. i.; (b) *ibid.*, 1780, ed. Reed, vol. i.; (c) *ibid.*, 1825-7, ed. Collier, vol. i.; (d) *ibid.*, 1876, ed. Hazlitt, vol. iv.; (e) in *Ancient British Drama*, 1810, ed. Sir W. Scott, vol. i. In accordance with the general scheme of this series, the spelling in the present text has been modernised, save in a few instances of rhyme-endings, or of words that seemed to require, or for some reason were worthy of, a special note: the punctuation has also been altered where the sense seemed to demand it. The *author* was Richard Edwards (q.v.), and although he wrote other plays this is the only one extant (see *Palamon and Arcyte*, &c.). A reduced facsimile of the title-page of the edition of 1571 is given on p. i. The original is a black-letter quarto of thirty leaves, and seems to have been licensed to the printer in 1568. In all probability, therefore, the *editio princeps* has been lost. This is the more likely, inasmuch as the title-page of the 1571 copy speaks of its being "newly imprinted"; and also as ED.

"the same . . . except the Prologue that is somewhat altered." It is uncertain when it was first produced: some authorities regard it as identical with the tragedy by Edwards which was performed before the Queen at Richmond by the children of the chapel in 1564-5. If this assumption is correct, then the date of *Damon and Pithias* may be placed about 1563-5; and, of course, it must have been written before 1566, when Edwards died. The plot turns upon the nature of friendship—the selfishness of the assumed article and the self-denial of the real. For this purpose the story in *Valerius Maximus*, of Damon and Pithias, serves as a medium. Edwards's production was the first English tragedy on a classical subject that we know of. This and his other literary efforts were highly esteemed by his contemporaries and successors: he is spoken of as a man of ready wit and varied parts—"the best fiddler, the best mimic, and the best sonneteer of the Court." Posterity, too, in the main confirms the verdict. His latest exponent, Professor Gayley, in an admirable and exhaustive "Historical View of English Comedy" prefaced to *Representative English Comedies* (Macmillan Co., 1903), regards *Damon and Pithias* as a step "significant in literary history." It is (he continues) "not only entirely free from allegorical elements, and almost from didactic, but it is rich in qualities of the fusion drama. The subject of a classical story is handled in a genuinely romantic fashion, although no previous drama of romantic friendship had existed in England. Comic and serious strains flow side by side, occasionally mingling. A quick satire, dramatic and personal, pervades the play. The names and scenes may be Syracusan, and types from Latin comedy may walk the streets, but the life is of the higher and lower classes of England; and the creatures of literary tradition are elbowed and jostled by children of the soil. The farcical episodes may be indelicate, but they have the virility of fact. The plot as a whole is skilfully conducted; while it proceeds directly to the goal, it encompasses a wider variety of ethical interests, dramatic motives, and attractions, than that of any previous play." To other productions from

Edwards's pen a like meed of praise was given and is due (see Edwards, *Palamon and Arcite*, &c.).

*Variorum Readings, Corrigenda, &c.*—[Where not otherwise attributed, the var. readings are those of the edition of 1582.]—“The time, the place, the *authors*” (5a), *author*; “Lo, this I *speak*” (5a), *spake*; “[Exit. [Here entereth,” &c. (5a), delete the “[” in each instance; “*Lovers* of wisdom are termed *philosophy*” (5c), so in both editions: Hazlitt reads (as suggested by Collier) “*Loving* of wisdom is termed *philosophy*,” but possibly the second *i* in the *philosophie* of the black-letter original is a misprint for *r*, or a battered letter, thus **philosophie** (*philosophre*), a common enough form for philosopher—the singular inflection with a plural tense, or *vice versa*, is not uncommon; “Let him roll in his tub to win” (6b), original *To*; “you are a *grave* bencher” (7a), *great*; “do best thrive” (7b), *do* omitted; “Spread in this town” (7d), *the*; “Farewell, friend Aristippus” (9a), *friend* omitted; “*Consulit amicitias*” (9b), the original has *consultat*; “Where[as], indeed” (9d), *as* not in original; “I *meant* it not” (10b), *meane*; “a right *pattern* thereof” (10b), original has *patron* (M.E. from Fr. *patron*, which still=“*patron*” and “*pattern*”: by 1700 the original form [O.E.D.] ceased to be used of things, and the two words became differentiated in form and sense); “*Exeunt*” (11c), original has *Exit*; “he cometh home broken” (11c), *it*; “And to creep into men’s *bosoms*” (11d), *bosome*; “and seeks to please” (12c), *seeketh*; “laughed out with a *scoff*” (13b), *grace*; “and playing *quietly*” (13b), *quickly*; “[*Exeunt*” (13d), delete the “[”; “[Who] whispered in mine ear” (17a), not in original; “*Steph.* (aside). With such” (17c), (aside) not in original; “*in utramque*” (17d), *utramque* in original; “*through* worldly things” (18b), so in both editions: Dodsley (and Hazlitt follows him) reads *though*, but the sense is good as it was originally, and is still preserved in the present text; “this world *was like a stage*” (19c), *is lyke unto a*; “*Omne solum forti patria*” (19d), read *partia*: both original editions have “*Omnis solum fortis patria*”; “*Dic mihi . . . et urbes*” (23 b and c), in original editions, “*Dic mihi musa virum captæ post*

*tempore Trojæ, Multorum hominum mores qui vidit  
et urbis*"; "[*Aside.*]" (23d), not in original; "This  
is he, fellow Snap, snap him up" (24b), so in  
original, but Hazlitt unnecessarily altered this to  
"This is the fellow: Snap, snap him up"; "Where  
he hath *dapsiles* . . . *zonam*" (24d), in the original  
this is nonsense, containing words unknown in Latin:  
it there reads, "*Dapsilæ cænas gemalis lectes, et  
auro, Fulgentii turgmani zonam*": both this piece of  
Latin and the preceding one (23b) are altered in the  
Museum copy to the text as now given, but there  
is no trace as to who made these corrections in red  
ink in the margins; "some pleasant *toy*" (24d), in  
original *tyoe*; "*Auri talentum*" (25a), *Aure*; "[*Here  
entereth Carisophus*]" (25d), not in original; "I will  
lay on mouth" (27d), *lay on with my mouth*;  
"[*Aside*] If I speak" (27d), the [*Aside*] not in  
original; "why *would* he then *pry*" (28a), *should*;  
"[*Exeunt.*]" (28d), not in original; "in joyful *times*"  
(29d), so in original: Mr. Collier proposed to read  
*tunes*; "since that I *hear*" (30d), *seeing*; "Damon  
my friend *should* die" (30d), *must*; "with speed  
now stop my breath" (30d), *come*; "[*Pithias retires*]"  
(32b), not in original; "[*Pithias comes forward*]"  
(33b), not in original; "Then bow on me" (33c),  
*unto*; "But you shall further *two*" (33d), in original  
too; "But yet, O mighty *King*" (37a), omitted in  
first edition, but supplied in the second; "I find *this  
justice*" (37a), the comma after "dignity" in the  
previous line should be deleted, and a semi-colon or  
a dash should be inserted after *this*: the passage  
then reads well enough as in the original; "upon  
suspicion of *such things*" (37b), *each* in original;  
"who in *opinion* *simpleness* have" (38a), in  
original editions, *where opinion simpleness have*;  
"*Here Gronno [and Snap] bring in*" (38d), [*and  
Snap*] not in original; "to despatch this *inquiry*"  
(39d), in original *injurie*; "my life to *pay*" (40a),  
*yeelde speedily*; "[*Aside.*]" (40b), not in original;  
"my life I *pawn*" (40d), *to*; "Take heed, for life,  
worldly men," &c. (41b), this line, I am sorry to  
say, has got badly used: the original editions read,  
"Take heed: for life worldly men," &c.: I should  
have printed, "Take heed for life: worldly men"

(=great talkers, men full of words), &c.—Hazlitt reads, “Take heed for [your] life,” &c., but I apprehend *your* is not necessary to the sense, and *worldly* in the next line should be *wordly*; “[Exit Damon.” (43a), not in original; “*Cretizo cum Cretense*” (47c), *Cretiso* in original; “[*Aside.*” (47c), not in original; “*Omnis . . . color*” (50b), *colore* in original; “Unsearched to enter his chamber, which he hath made barbers his beard to shave” (51a), so in original: Hazlitt reads *while* for *which*, making sense of a sort, but I think the only alteration of the original that is needed is to re-punctuate the text—delete the comma after *chamber* and insert a semi-colon after *made*; “mar your *monkey’s* face” (51b), the original spelling in both cases is *monkes*; “*Gave* never a blow again” (51d), *geve*; “*Cobex epi* coming yonder” (53b), *Is* has inadvertently been omitted from the present text: Hazlitt reads, “’tis Coals I spy”; “*Jack. Was it you*” (53d), *It was*; “*Do they not say*” (54a), *Doth*; “*Good faith, Master Grim*” (54d), *Father*; “*a capon [to your pay.]*” &c. (54d), *to your pay* not in original: supplied by Hazlitt; “*Are these such great hose?*” (55b), in second but not in first edition; “*Nay, you should find fau’t*” (55c), *fau’t* should have been printed *fault*, the original being *faught*, an old form: Hazlitt inserts *not* between “*should*” and “*find*,” but the sense is clear as in the original—a war of words is in progress, and the collier will not admit that his “*chaff*” about the breeches is fault-finding, for that is Jack’s prerogative: in the previous line the second edition reads *what fault can you see here*, instead of “*can you find any fault here*”; “*these monsters first*” (55c), *hose at*; “*Will, hold this railing knave*” (55d), *Well* in original; “[*Enter Jack.*” &c. (56b), delete the “[”; “*Jebit . . . Zawne*” (56d), so in both editions: read *Je bois a vous mon compagnon . . . J’ai vous pleigé, petit Zawne*; “*When there were not*” (57a), *was*; “*Colliers have a very trim life*” (59b), *merie*; “*quod Bolton*” (60a), misprinted in original, *Boulon*; “[*Aside.*” (60d), not in original; “*most finely shaven*” (64d), *trimly*; “[*Exeunt*” (65a), original *Exit*; “*H’ath robbed me*” (65b), original *Hath*;

“usque ad *aras*” (67a), original *auras*; “Amicitia inter *bonos*” (67d), both editions *bonns*; “It is the gods’ judgment” (69c), original *Gods*; “He painted speech” (69d), *vaunted*; “and striving *stream* I sail” (70a), *streams*; “[Exit.” (72c), not in original; “golden time do wear away” (78a), so in both editions: Collier and Hazlitt read “gold in time does wear away”; “*O happy Kings, who in your courts*” (79d), in original editions *O happie Kinges within your courtes*; “*No reason the hangman*” (81b), *It is no reason*: the [Aside] two lines above is not in the original; “*Exeunt* Dion [and all,]” &c. (81d), the stage direction *within* the brackets is not in original; “*The last song*” (84a), in original *Finis* is printed just above this line, and below the second *Finis* at foot appear some rude stock blocks.

DEBENTERS, see Benters.

DERIVED, “great fame *derived* down to them” (G. 92c), transmitted.

DISHERITANCE (G. 108d), disinheritance. “Having chid me almost to the ruin Of a *disheritance*.”—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Fair Maid of the Inn*, ii. 2.

DOLE, “happy man be his *dole*” (D. 10c), see other volumes of this series.

DOTTREL, “*doating dottrel*” (D. 52d), fool, silly fellow, dupe. From the assumed stupidity of the bird: it being said to be so foolishly fond of imitation, that it suffers itself to be caught while intent upon mimicking the gestures of the fowler. It is aptly described by Drayton:—

“The *dotterel*, which we think a very dainty dish,  
Whose taking makes such sport, as no man more  
can wish.

For as you creep, or cowr, or lie, or stoop, or go,  
So, marking you with care, the apish bird doth do,  
And acting every thing, doth never mark the net,  
Till he be in the snare which men for him have  
set.”

—Drayton, *Poly-Olbion* (1612-22), s. 25.

“Our *dotterel* then is caught.”

“He is, and just  
As *dotterels* use to be: the lady first

Advanced toward him, stretched forth her wing,  
and he  
Met her with all expressions."

—May, *Old Couple*, iii.

DUP, " *dup* the gate" (D. 53c), open: cf. " *dup* ye  
gyger, to open the dore" (Harman, *Caveat*, 1814,  
66). " And *dupped* the chamber door."—Shakspeare,  
*Hamlet* (1596), iv.

DURING, " *during* torments" (G. 106b), lasting: the  
pr. par. of *dure*, now used only as a preposition.

EDWARDS (RICHARD), the author of *Damon and Pithias*,  
and other plays not now extant, was born in Somerset-  
shire about the year 1523, and died in 1566. He  
was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford,  
taking his B.A. degree in 1544. His fellowship came  
by election in the same year, and three years later  
he was a senior student of Christ Church in the same  
University, where he took his M.A. degree. In the  
interval (he speaks of it himself in *The Paradise of  
Dainty Devices*), " when in youthful years . . . young  
desire pricked him forth to serve in Court, a slender,  
tall, young man." He does not say in what capacity;  
and, as stated above, he returned to Oxford, prob-  
ably to qualify himself for the post he afterwards  
held. On his return to London he entered himself  
at Lincoln's Inn, but he does not appear to have  
practised at the Bar, a not uncommon course then, as  
nowadays. He ultimately became one of the  
Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, and in 1561 was  
appointed Master of the Children of the Chapel. He  
wrote at least three plays—*Damon and Pithias*, and  
Parts 1 and 2 of *Palamon and Arcyte* (q.v.). He  
was also the compiler of a very popular anthology—  
*The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, a collection made,  
so the printer tells us, " for private use" by " one  
both of worship and credit." The why and where-  
fore of this " private " collection, which was after-  
wards to receive wide publicity, may, most likely, be  
found in Edwards's office, as a special point is made  
in the preface of the earlier edition of the suitability  
of the pieces for musical setting. " The ditties are  
both pithy and pleasant, and will yield a far greater

delight being as they are so aptly made to be set to any song in five parts, or sung to any instrument." A reduced facsimile of the title-page of the edition of 1596 appears on p. 187: the work proved to popular taste, and ran through no fewer than nine editions between the years 1576 and 1606. Notwithstanding this, as is often the case with the most popular books—they get thumbed and torn and dilapidated through use—copies of any impression are now of extreme rarity. *Misogonus*, a notable play of Edwards's time, has also been attributed to the author of *Damon and Pithias*. Whether there are sound and solid grounds for this is a moot point. The evidence, such as it is, is stated, but without definite conclusion, in E.E.D.S., *Anon. Plays*, Series 2, pp. 405-6. Edwards died on the 31st October, 1566. When on his death-bed he is said by Wood to have composed a noted poem called "Edwards' Soul Knill" (knell), or the "Soul Knill of M. Edwards," which was once much admired. Gascoigne was Wood's authority, but the author of *The Steele Glasse* seems only to have ridiculed the piece being written under such circumstances. Another fact, well known to Shakspearean scholars, seems worthy of more permanent record in this place. The Stratford poet's allusion to the poem "In Commendation of Music," commonly attributed to Edwards, in *Romeo and Juliet* (see E.E.D.S., *Anon. Plays*, Series 2, s.v. *Heartsease*), seems to point to Shakspeare's acquaintance with some of Edwards's literary productions. It may also be that the Induction to Shakspeare's *Taming of the Shrew* (or its predecessor: see *Anon. Plays* [E.E.D.S.], Series 6) also found its original in another of our author's books, now unfortunately for the most part if not altogether lost. Warton in his *History of English Poetry* (iv. 117, 1824) writes: "Among the books of my friend, the late Mr. William Collins, of Chester, now dispersed, was a collection of short comic stories in prose, printed in the black letter, and, in the year 1570, 'Set forth by Maister Richard Edwardes, Mayster of Her Maiesties Revels.'" Warton mistakes (or the printer did so) Edwards's office: he was not "Master of the Revels," but "Master of

the Children of the Chapel." Still, Warton speaks as if from an actual sight of the book; and Mr. H. G. Norton in the *Shakspeare Society Papers* (ii. 1), writing in 1845, says, "I apprehend that I have now in my hands a portion of a reprint [of the edition dated 1570] containing the very tale on which the Induction to Shakspeare's 'Taming of the Shrew,' and to the older 'Taming of a Shrew,' was founded. It is a mere fragment of a book, and contains no more than this story, so that we can only judge of its date by its type and orthography: the type and orthography appear to me to be as old as about the year 1620 or 1630, and it begins upon p. 59, and ends upon p. 67. Of the orthography the reader will be able to form an opinion from what follows; and, having been a student of old books for the last twenty or thirty years, I think I can speak positively to the date of the type, which is rather large Roman letter, much worn and battered. The words, 'the fifth event,' at the commencement, show that four stories preceded it, but by how many it was followed it is impossible to decide. I should not be surprised if the old language of 1570 had been in some degree modernised in 1620 or 1630, but upon that point it is not necessary for me to offer an opinion. If my conjecture be correct, that Edwards's story-book of 1570 was reprinted fifty or sixty years afterwards, and that my five leaves are a portion of that reprint, we have arrived at the source of the Induction to 'The Taming of a Shrew'; for I take it for granted that Shakspeare's comedy was constructed upon the older play, in which the Induction stands, in substance, as it is given by our immortal dramatist. I subjoin a *verbatim et literatim* copy of my fragment." So far Mr. Norton, who follows on with the copy of the five leaves, and which, for the sake of its possible connection with the author of *Damon and Pithias*, I also reproduce here.

"THE WAKING MANS DREAME.

"*The Fifth Event.*

" The Greek proverbe saith, that a man is but the dreame of a shaddow, or the shaddow of a dreame; is there then anything more vaine then a shadow,

which is nothing in it selfe, being but a privation of light framed by the opposition of a thicke body unto a luminous? is there any thing more frivoles then a dreame, which hath no subsistence but in the hollownesse of a sleeping braine, and which, to speake properly, is nothing but a meere gathering together of Chimericall Images? and this is it which makes an ancient say, that we are but dust and shadow: our life is compared unto those, who sleeping dreame that they eate, and waking find themselves empty and hungry; and who is he that doth not find this experimented in himselfe, as often as he revolves in his memory the time which is past? who can in these passages of this world distinguish the things which have beene done from those that have beene dreamed? vanities, delights, riches, pleasures, and all are past and gone; are they not dreames? What hath our pride and pompe availed us? say those poore miserable soules shut up in the infernall prisons: where is our bravery become, and the glorious shew of our magnificence? all these things are passed like a flying shadow, or as a post who hastens to his journeys end. This is it which caused the ancient Comicke Poet to say that the world was nothing but an universall Comedy because all the passages thereof serve but to make the wisest laugh: and, according to the opinion of *Democritus*, all that is acted on this great Theater of the whole world, when it is ended, differs in nothing from what hath bin acted on a Players stage: the mirrour which I will heere set before your eyes will so lively expresse all these verities, and so truly shew the vanities of all the greatnessse and opulencies of the earth, that although in these Events I gather not either examples not farre distant from our times, or that have beene published by any other writer, yet I beleeve that the serious pleasantnesse of this one will supply its want of novelty, and that its repetition will neither bee unfruitfull nor unpleasing.

“ In the time that *Phillip* Duke of *Burgundy* (who by the gentlenesse and curteousnesse of his carriage purchaste the name of good) guided the reines of the country of *Flanders*, this prince, who was of an humour pleasing, and full of judicious goodnessse,

rather then silly simplicity, used pastimes which for their singularity are commonly called the pleasures of Princes: after this manner he no lesse shewed the quaintnesse of his wit then his prudence.

“ Being in *Bruxelles* with all his Court, and having at his table discoursed amply enough of the vanities and greatnesse of this world, he let each one say his pleasure on this subject, wherleon was alleagdegrave sentences and rare examples: walking towards the evening in the towne, his head full of divers thoughts, he found a Tradesman lying in a corner sleeping very soundly, the fumes of Bacchus having surcharged his braine. I describe this mans drunkenesse in as good manner as I can to the credit of the party. This vice is so common in both the superior and inferiour *Germany*, that divers, making glory and vaunting of their dexterity in this art, encrease their praise thereby, and hold it for a brave act. The good Duke, to give his followers an example of the vanity of all the magnificence with which he was environed, devised a meanes farre lesse dangerous than that which *Dionysius* the Tyrant used towards *Democles*, and which in pleasantnesse beares a marvellous utility. He caused his men to carry away this sleeper, with whom, as with a blocke, they might doe what they would, without awaking him; he caused them to carry him into one of the sumptuosest parts of his Pallace, into a chamber most state-like furnished, and makes them lay him on a rich bed. They presently strip him of his bad cloathes, and put him on a very fine and cleane shirt, in stead of him own, which was foule and filthy. They let him sleepe in that place at his ease, and whilst hee settles his drinke the Duke prepares the pleasantest pastime that can be imagined.

“ In the morning, this drunkard being awake drawes the curtaines of this brave rich bed, sees himselfe in a chamber adorned like a Paradice, he considers the rich furniture with an amazement such as you may imagine: he beleeves not his eyes, but layes his fingers on them, and feeling them open, yet perswades himselfe they are shut by sleep, and that all he sees is but a pure dreame.

“ Assoone as he was knowne to be awake, in comes

the officers of the Dukes house, who were instructed by the Duke what they should do. There were pages bravely apparell'd, Gentlemen of the chamber, Gentleman waiters, and the High Chamberlaine, who, all in faire order and without laughing, bring cloathing for this new guest: they honour him with the same great reverences as if hee were a Soveraigne Prince; they serve him bare headed, and aske him what suite hee will please to weare that day.

" This fellow, affrighted at the first, beleeving these things to be inchantment or dreames, reclaimed by these submissions, tooke heart, and grew bold, and setting a good face on the matter, chused amongst all the apparell that they presented unto him that which he liked best, and which hee thought to be fittest for him; he is accommodated like a King, and served with such ceremonies, as he had never seene before, and yet beheld them without saying any thing, and with an assured countenance. This done, the greatest Nobleman in the Dukes Court enters the chamber with the same reverence and honour to him as if he had been their Soveraigne Prince (Phillip with Princely delight beholds this play from a private place); divers of purpose petitioning him for pardons, which hee grants with such a countinane and gravity, as if he had had a Crowne on his head all his life time.

" Being risen late, and dinner time approaching, they asked if he were pleased to have his tables covered. He likes that very well. The table is furnished, where he is set alone, and under a rich Canopie: he eates with the same ceremony which was observed at the Dukes meales; he made good cheere, and chawed with all his teeth, but only drank with more moderation then he could have wisht, but the Majesty which he represented made him refraine. All taken away, he was entertained with new and pleasant things: they led him to walke about the great Chambers, Galleries, and Gardens of the Pallace (for all this merriment was played within the gates, they being shut only for recreation to the Duke and the principall of his Court): they shewed him all the richest and most pleasantest things therin, and talked to him thereof as if they had all beene his, which he

heard with an attention and contentment beyond measure, not saying one word of his base condition, or declaring that they tooke him for another. They made him passe the afternoone in all kind of sports ; musicke, dancing, and a Comedy, spent some part of the time. They talked to him of some State matters, whereunto he answered according to his skill, and like a right Twelfetide King.

" Super time approaching, they aske this new created Prince if he would please to have the Lords and Ladies of his Court to sup and feast with him ; whereat he seemed something unwilling, as if hee would not abase his dignity unto such familiarity : neverlesse, counterfeiting humanity and affability, he made signes that he condiscended thereunto : he then, towards night, was led with sound of Trumpets and Hoboyes into a faire hall, where long Tables were set, which were presently covered with divers sorts of dainty meates, the Torches shined in every corner, and made a day in the midst of a night : the Gentlemen and Gentlewomen were set in fine order, and the Prince at the upper end in a higher seat. The service was magnificent ; the musicke of voyces and instruments fed the eare, whilst mouthes found their food in the dishes. Never was the imaginary Duke at such a feast : carousses begin after the manner of the Country ; the Prince is assaulted on all sides, as the Owle is assaulted by all the Birdes, when he begins to soare. Not to seeme uncivill he would doe the like to his good and faithfull subjects. They serve him with very strong wine, good *Hipocras*, which hee swallowed downe in great draughts, and frequently redoubled ; so that, charged with so many extraordinaryes, he yelded to deaths cousin german, sleep, which closed his eyes, stopt his eares, and made him loose the use of his reason and all his other sences.

" Then the right Duke, who had put himselfe among the throng of his Officers to have the pleasure of this mummetry, commanded that this sleeping man should be stript out of his brave cloathes, and cloathed againe in his old ragges, and so sleeping carried and layd in the same place where he was taken up the night before. This was presently done, and there did he

snort all the night long, not taking any hurt either from the hardnesse of the stones or the night ayre, so well was his stomacke filled with good preservatives. Being awakened in the morning by some passenger, or it may bee by some that the good Duke *Philip* had thereto appointed, ha! said he, my friends, what have you done? you have rob'd mee of a Kingdome, and have taken mee out of the sweetest and happiest dreame that ever man could have fallen into. Then, very well remembiring all the particulars of what had passed the day before, he related unto them, from point to point, all that had happened unto him, still thinking it assuredly to bee a dreame. Being returned home to his house, hee entertaines his wife, neighbours, and friends, with this his dreame, as hee thought: the truth whereof being at last published by the mouthes of those Courtiers who had been present at this pleasant recreation, the good man could not beleeve it, thinking that for sport they had framed this history upon his dreame; but when Duke *Philip*, who would have the full contentment of this pleasant tricke, had shewed him the bed wherein he lay, the cloathes which he had worne, the persons who had served him, the Hall wherein he had eaten, the gardens and galleries wherein hee had walked, hardly could hee be induced to beleeve what hee saw, imagining that all this was meere enchantment and illusion.

" The Duke used some liberality towards him for to helpe him in the poverty of his family; and, taking an occasion thereon to make an Oration unto his Courtiers concerning the vanity of this worlds honours, hee told them that all that ambitious persons seeke with so much industry is but smoake, and a meere dreame, and that they are stricken with that pleasant folly of the *Athenian*, who imagined all the riches that arrived by shipping in the haven of *Athens* to be his, and that all the Marchants were but his factors: his friends getting him cured by a skilfull Physitian of the debility of his brain, in lieu of giving them thanks for this good office, he reviled them, saying that, whereas he was rich in conceit, they had by this cure made him poore and miserable in effect.

“ *Harpaste*, a foole that *Senecaes* wife kept, and whose pleasant imagination this grave Phylosopher doth largely relate, being growne blind, could not perswade herselfe that she was so, but continually complained that the house wherein she dwelt was dark, that they would not open the windowes, and that they hindred her from setting light, to make her believe she could see nothing: hereupon this great Stoick makes this fine consideration, that every vicious man is like unto this foole, who, although he be blind in his passion, yet thinks not himselfe to be so, casting all his defect on false surmises, whereby he seeks not only to have his sinne worthy of excuse and pardon, but even of praise: the same say the covetous, ambitious, and voluptuous persons, in defence of their imperfections; but in fine (as the Psalmist saith), all that must passe away, and the images thereof come to nothing, as the dreame of him that awaketh from sleepe.

“ If a bucket of water be as truly water, as all the sea, the difference only remaining in the quantity, not in the quality, why shall we not say, that our poore *Brabander* was a Soveraigne Prince for the space of fowre and twenty houres, being that he received all the honours and commodities thereof: how many Kings and Popes have not lasted longer, but have dyed on the very day of their Elections or Coronations? As for those other pompes, which have lasted longer, what are they else but longer dreames? This vanity of worldly things is a great sting to a well composed soule, to helpe it forward towards the heavenly kingdome.”

Contemporary mention of Edwards is invariably in terms of high, and sometimes what would now be regarded as extravagant, praise. I conclude with a selection of references to such eulogies:—Turberville (1567), *Works* [Chalmers, ii. 651]; Twine (1567), in Turberville’s *Works* [Chalmers, ii. 620]; Webbe, *Discourse of English Poetry* (1586); Puttenham, *Art of English Poesy* (1589); Meres, *Palladis Tamia* (1598).

EGAL, EGALNESS (G. 93b; 97b, c, d), equal, equality: from the Fr. “ Whose souls do bear an *egal* yoke of love.”—Shakspeare, *Merchant of Venice* (1598), iii. 4.

ERST, “*erst* to use” (92a), first: the superlative of *er*=soon.

FACSIMILES. A reduced facsimile of the title-page of the edition of *Damon and Pithias*, published 1571, appears on page 1; and of the title-page of the first edition of *Gorboduc* facing p. 85; also of Edwards’s *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, p. 187.

FACT, “enemies that will withstand my *fact* herein” (G. 144a), deed, act, performance, anything done; now archaic.

FAINTED, “In mutual friendship at no time have *fainted*” (D. 14c), lost strength, weakened.

FAME, “louting out the *fame*” (G. 96c), fame is a misprint for same.

FERREX AND PORREX, see *Gorboduc*.

FILED, “thy *filed* tongue” (D. 82b), properly polished, refined: hence unctuous, honeyed, parasitical. “So it will seem to all that hear’s unless you do it *file*.”—*Misogonus* (c. 1560), Prol. (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Pl. Ser. 2*, 135d). “The sly deceiver, Cupid, thus beguil’d The simple damsel with his *filed* tongue.”—Fairfax, *Tasso* (1600), vi. 73.

FILLING ALE, “fetch him his *filling ale*” (D. 56a), ? thilling ale=carting ale: *i.e.* ale given as an extra, “a drink.” *Thills*=the shafts of a cart or waggon; and *fill-horse*=draught horse.

FLAT, “we do protest this *flat*” (D. 5a), plainly, straightforwardly: see 1 *Henry IV*. i. 3.

FOND, FONDLY, FONDNESS, “very *fondly* . . . he viewed this city” (D. 33d)—“No *fondness* at all but perfect amity” (D. 41a: see also 40d)—“when in *fond* princes’ hearts Flattery prevails” (G. 152a), foolish, stupidly, folly. “He that is young thinketh the olde man *fond*; and the olde knoweth the young man to be a foole.”—Lylly, *Euph. and his Eng.* (1580), p. 9. “*Fondness* it were for any, being free, To covet fetters, tho’ they golden be.”—Spenser, *Sonnet* (1592-3), 37.

FORESET, "When kings of *foreset* will neglect" (G. 115a), pre-ordination, a setting out beforehand. "In th' heaven's universal alphabet All earthly things so surely are *foreset*."—Bp. Hall, *Virgidemiarum* (1599), bk. ii., sat. 7.

Fox, "I will *fox* you" (D. 52c), it is uncertain whether *fox* here= to fight with a sword (colloquially called a "fox": see *Henry V.* iv. 4), to deceive or cheat, or to stupefy with drink.

FRANION, "my *franion*" (D. 45d), boon companion: a generic term for loose-livers—gay idler, paramour, mistress, tippler; thought to be from Fr. *faineant*. "Might not be found a franker *franion*, Of her leawd parts to make companion."—Spenser, *Fairy Queen* (1590), II. ii. 37. "As for this ladie which he sheweth here, Is not, I wager, Florimell at all, But some fayre *franion*, fit for such a fere."—*Ibid.* (1596), V. iii. 22.

GOD'S AYMES (D. 62c), God's arms.

GORBODUC (or FERREX AND PORREX). The *text* is from a copy of the edition of 1570-1, now in the British Museum. The spelling is modernised (save in such exceptional cases as are provided for in the general scheme of this series), and the punctuation is modified only so far as to render the sense clear to modern readers. A previous edition appeared in 1565; but this appears to have been unauthorised and surreptitious. The facts are set out by "the p[publisher] to the reader" (see pp. 86-7), the W. G. alluded to being William Griffith, the publisher of the "first" edition. Another edition appeared in 1590. As that of 1570-1 was authorised I have not thought it necessary to collate it with the stolen text of 1565. *Gorboduc* (or rather *Ferrex* and *Porrex*, as the authors named it) has been reprinted (a) in Sackville's *Works* (ed. West); (b) in Norton's *Works*, 1570; (c) by Spence in 1736; (d) in Hawkins's *Orig. Eng. Drama*, 1773, vol. ii.; (e) in Dodsley's *Collection of Old Plays*, 1744, vol. ii.; (f) *ibid.*, 1780 (ed. Reed), vol. i.; (g) *ibid.*, 1825-7 (ed. Collier), vol. i.; (h) in *Ancient British Drama*, 1810 (ed. Sir Walter Scott), vol. i.; and (i) by the Shakespeare Society, 1847 (ed. W. D. Cooper). A facsimile ED.

title-page of the edition of 1565 forms a frontispiece to this volume. *Ferrex and Porrex* is the first regular English historical tragedy; and it is also the first of our old plays that was written in blank verse. It was the joint production of two gentlemen of the Inner Temple, Thomas Sackville (afterwards Lord Buckhurst and the Earl of Dorset) and Thomas Norton. Norton's share is now generally considered to have been limited to the arrangement of the dumb shows preceding each act—"the shadows of coming events." Still Cooper, the editor of the Shakspeare Society edition of the play, emphatically declares his opinion to be that Norton "had undoubtedly a principal hand in the execution." Both men, as previously stated, were members of the Inner Temple, and wrote the tragedy specially for presentation on the New Year's banqueting night of the Christmas revels of 1561-2—"a grand Christmas" with elaborate "festivities and junkettings," of which this dramatic representation was the climax. It was subsequently performed by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall, 18 Jan. 1561. The "story," which is drawn from Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Regum Britanniae*, is told by the authors themselves in the "arguments" before each act. The pivot of the play is the evil effects of national dissension—a timely and topical theme at the period of writing: the protracted conflict between the two great religious sections of the State, Catholics and Reformers, and between "sectional" Protestants, was again becoming acute. The first pronouncement on the play was a favourable one, and the estimate then formed has been confirmed over and over again since that time: as witness its repeated appearance in all the more important "collections" of our early drama. Professor Schelling, one of the latest to deal with it, concurs, and says (*English Chronicle Plays*, pp. 19 and 272), "it is impossible to overestimate the importance of the position which the tragedy *Gorboduc* holds at the threshold of the English drama. The composition of gentlemen of the Inns of Court, performed before the Queen, and following in the wake of the Continental imitations of Seneca, this play is none the less of moment for the effect which it was to have on the

popular drama to come. The significance of this tragedy in its choice of English instead of the learned tongue in which such performances continued often to be given, in its use of blank verse in place of the usual riming and tumbling measures, and in its substitution of an artistic purpose for the old didactic one, is familiar to every student of English literature. It is the selection of a theme from English historical lore in place of the customary moral, biblical, or classical study which gives to *Gorboduc* its special significance in the history of the national drama; and this importance is not in the least diminished by the likelihood that Sackville and Norton were attracted to their subject because of its superficial resemblance to the story of the *Thebais* of Seneca rather than through any set determination to levy contribution on national sources hitherto untried. Whatever the direct impetus, *Gorboduc* is the earliest of a long list of English dramas which laid under contribution those legendary and pseudo-historical materials of the early chronicles of Britain which emanated from the fertile brain of Geoffrey of Monmouth. The relation of the earliest English tragedy to the English Chronicle play is sufficiently defined in the recognition of this fact." Direct words these, and emphatic! Lest, however, I should be misrepresenting what Prof. Schelling wished to say, or omitting any point germane to, or qualifying, his argument, I will add what, if not a modification of the foregoing, is at any rate a caution to the student. In the summarised conclusion of the whole matter, Prof. Schelling (p. 272) writes thus: "That the earliest English tragedy, *Gorboduc*, should have drawn on a subject derived from English mythological lore is a circumstance to which an undue significance may be readily attached. That famous play with its direct follower, *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, and the Latin *Richardus Tertius*, are purely Senecan dramas, which, departing from the usual classical subjects of their type, have strayed into English fields. But the choice of such subjects, however accidental, had great effect on what was to come." The imprint of the authorised 1570-1 edition is as follows: "Seen and allowed. Imprinted at London by John Daye, dwelling over Aldersgate [1570]."

GREE, "if they *gree* in one" (G. 96d), agree. "And doe not see how much they must defalke Of their accounts, to make them *gree* with ours."—Daniel, *Philotas* (1597), p. 195.

GRIM THE COLLIER, see *Anon. Plays* (E.E.D.S.), Ser. 4, Note-Book.

GRYPE, "cruel *gripe*" (G. 106b), vulture, griffin. "Where Titius hath his lot To feed the *gripe* that gnaws his growing heart."—*Tancred and Gism.*, Dodsley's *Old Plays* (Reed), ii. 196.

GROAT, "who can sing . . . change a *groat*" (D. 59c), see Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II. 47a.

GUERDON, "to bear such *guerdon*" (G. 142b), recompence, reward: here retribution for evil. "And I am *guerdon'd* at the last with shame."—Shakspeare, *3 Henry VI.* (1595), iii. 3.

HARECOP, "a merry *harecop*" (D. 58b), harebrain, "giddykins."

HATEFUL, "the *hateful* gods" (G. 122d), full of hatred, malevolent. "Hide thee from their *hatefull* looks."—Shakspeare, *2 Henry VI.* (1594), ii. 4.

HEAD, "My neck . . . in striking off this *head*" (D. 78d), honesty=fame, good reputation, credit. "Also the hangman kneled doun to him askyng him forgiuenes of his death (as the manner is), to whom he sayd I forgeue thee, but I promise thee that thou shalt neuer haue *honestie of the strykyng of my head, my necke is so short.*"—Speech of Sir T. More in Hall, *Chronicle*, 226.

HEAPS, see Hugy.

HEST, "your noble *hests*" (G. 119b), commands, injunctions, precepts.

HOG'S FLESH, "the trimmest *hog's flesh* from London to York" (D. 64a), there would seem to be here an allusion to the quality of Yorkshire produce, still world-famous, especially in respect of York hams, &c.

HONESTY, see Head.

HORSE, "a short *horse* is soon curried" (D. 20d), see Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II. 236, 174c.

How, see Aloyse.

HUGY, " *hugy* frames" (G. 126a)—" what *hugy* number" (G. 141d)—" *hugy* heaps of these unhaps" (G. 148b), vast, great: note the alliteration in the last example. "Your three-fold army and my *hugy* host Shall swallow up these base-born Persians."—Marlowe, *i Tamburlaine* (1590), iii. 3.

ICH (*passim*), I.

IMPS, "such *imps*" (D. 35d), specifically scions of noble houses: here such as would form part of a courtly retinue; or, generally, those who were likely to come into contact with a king. "The king preferred therer eighty noble *imps* to the order of knighthood."—Stow, *Annals* (1592), p. 385.

JACK FLETCHER, "as like in condition as *Jack Fletcher* and his bolt" (D. 9b), *fletcher*=arrow-maker: specifically the workman whose part was to put on the feathers.

JACK-NAPES, "if you play *Jack-napes*" (D. 51c). Dr. Murray (*O.E.D.*) says, "So far as yet found, the word appears first as an opprobrious nickname of William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk (murdered 1450), whose badge was a clog and chain such as was attached to a tame ape. . . . But of Jack Nape or Napes and its relation to an ape or apes no certain explanation can be offered." "As he played at cards with me . . . [he] said I played *Jack Napes* with him."—*Lett. and Papers Henry VIII.* (Rolls), II. 222 (1534).

JEBIT, " *Jebit avow . . . Zawne*" (56d), properly, *Je bois a vous mon compagnon . . . J'ai vous pleigé, petit Zawne*: *Zawne*=zany.

KING'S LANGUAGE, "clip the *King's language*" (D. 57c), King's English. "Your courteoures, quha . . . sum tymes spilt (as they cal it) the *King's language*."—A. Hume, *Brit. Tongue* (c. 1620), Ded. 2.

KING'S MOUTH, "take in coals for the *King's mouth*" (D. 53d), *i.e.* for the use of the court: mouth=an entrance: cf. Bouge of Court. "This is the *mouth* of the cell."—Shakspeare, *Tempest* (1609), iv. 1.

KNOT, "I have played with his beard in knitting this *knot*" (D. 10a), a complication, something intricate, a tangle, difficulty, or knotty question. "Unto hym that love wole flee, The *knotte* maye unclosed bee."—*Rom. Rose* (c. 1400), 4698.

LENGTH, "shall *length* your noble life" (G. 96a), prolong, lengthen. "When your eyes have done their part, Thought must *length* it in the hart."—Daniel, *Tethys Fest.* (1610), F 3b.

LET (*passim*), hinder, hindrance.

LIBERALITY, "in thy pleasant *liberality*" (D. 82a), freedom.

LICENCE, "I pray you *licence* me" (D. 21d), give leave, permit, authorise: see *Anon. Plays* (E.E.D.S.), Ser. 2, s.v. License.

LIKETH, "that *liketh* us so well" (G. 143c), pleaseth. "This is my loved sone that *lyketh* me."—*Pilg. Sowle* (1413), v. xii. 103.

LOBCOCK, "I will make you a *lobcock*" (D. 57d), lout, boor, blundering fool. "Seneca and Lucan were *lobcockes* to choose that death."—Nashe, *Unf. Trav.* (1594), 76.

LONGS, "to whom the sceptre *longs*" (G. 150a), is appropriate to, pertains to. "Hym lakked nougnt that *longeth* to a kyng."—Chaucer, *Cant. Tales* (1383), Sq. Tale, 8.

LOTTING, "lotting out the same" (G. 96c), assign in shares or portions, divide. "At last they fell to the custome of *lotting* of voyces in the Conclaue."—Fenton, *Guicciard* (1579), xiv. (1599), 668.

LOUSIOUS, "lousious and trim" (D. 56c), luscious.

LUST, "your *lust* is lost" (D. 3b)—"muse he that *lust*" (D. 3c), desire, wish, please.

MAST, "mast tipstaff" (D. 66a), master.

MEVE, "his suit did *meve*" (D. 40c), move.

MINION, "your master is a *minion*" (D. 12d), a favourite. "Immortall *minions* in their Maker's sight."—Stirling, *Domes-day* (1614), *Twelfth Houre*.

MO (*passim*), more.

MORGAN (G. 96d), Margan who was killed by his brother Cunedagius: see *Geoffrey of Monmouth*, II. 15.

MOUTH, (a) "to make up my *mouth*" (D. 27b), i.e. make up his plunder, booty.

(b) "I will *lay on* *mouth* for you" (D. 27d), i.e. talk about you.

(c) see King's mouth.

MUMBUDGET (D. 25d), silence! keep quiet! "I come to her in white, and cry *mum*; and she cries *budget*, and by that we know one another."—Shakspeare, *Merry W. W.* (1596), v. 2.

MUSSELDEN (D. 56d), muscadine.

NE (*passim*), nor.

NEW BROOM, "a *new broom* sweeps clean" (D. 10c); Heywood has "the green new broom sweepeth clean" (*Works*, E.E.D.S., II. 54a).

NIP, "from their *nips* shall I never be free" (D. 15c), taunts, scoffs.

NOCENT, "whom the king judgeth *nocent*" (D. 34c), guilty, criminal, mischievous. "*Nocent*, not innocent he is that seeketh to deface, By word the thing, that he by deed had taught men to imbrace."—Fox, *Martyrs* (1563), p. 231, col. 2.

NODDY, "I will not call you *noddy*" (D. 6d), fool, simpleton. "As we find of Irus the begger, and Thersites the glorious *noddie*, whom Homer makes mention of."—Puttenham, *Art of Poesy* (1589), B. i. ch. 20.

NORTON (THOMAS), joint author with Thomas Sackville (afterwards Lord Buckhurst) of *Ferrex and Porrex*, was a Bedfordshire man, born in 1532, at Streatley, about six miles from Luton. Wood describes him in after life as "a forward and busy Calvinist and noted zealot"; and Strype as "a minister of good parts and learning." His learning

was undoubtedly, but where he obtained it is not recorded, though he was only eighteen when he published his first work, a translation of Peter Martyr's letter to the Protector Somerset, from whom, while he lived, Norton had substantial patronage. After Somerset's death, Norton entered himself as a student of the Inner Temple (1555), and subsequently rose to considerable eminence and wealth in his profession. He found time, nevertheless, for a large amount of polemical writing. In 1565 he entered himself at Pembroke Hall, Oxford, taking his degree of M.A. in 1569. He was in residence here when the first and surreptitious edition of *Ferrex and Porrex* appeared. Somewhat earlier (1561 to 1584) he held office as counsel to the Stationers' Company, and became also a licenser of books, proving himself very zealous in the enforcement of penalties against contumacious printers. Norton was a man of rigidly extreme views, and in religious matters puritanical to a degree. He died in 1584. [A full and exhaustive memoir by Mr. W. D. Cooper appears in the Shakspeare Society's edition of *Gorboduc*, with copious extracts and copies of documentary evidence of every description.]

ON, "a cup to drink on" (D. 56b), from. "But what art thou That hast this Fortune *on* me."—Shakspeare, *Lear* (1605), v. 3. 165.

PALAMON AND ARCYTE. This lost play of Richard Edwards, in two parts, is known chiefly through Stow's *Chronicle* and Anthony Wood's account of a mishap. It appears that in 1566 Edwards accompanied Queen Elizabeth to Oxford, and while there this play was acted before her in Christ Church Hall on the 2nd and 3rd September. Stow says, "It had such tragical success as was very lamentable; for at that time by the fall of a wall and a pair of stairs and great press of the multitude three men were slain." Wood is more explicit. He says: "At night, September 2nd, the Queen heard the first part of an English play, named *Palamon and Arcyte*, made by M. Richard Edwards, a gentleman of her Chapel, acted with very great applause, in Christ Church Hall, at the beginning of which play, there was, by part of the stage

which fell, three persons slain, besides five that were hurt. Afterwards the actors performed their parts so well, that the Queen laughed heartily thereat, and gave the author of the play great thanks for his pains." Peshall, in his *History of the University*, implies that the Queen was not actually present when the accident occurred, and probably she was kept in ignorance of the fatality. Anthony Wood also mentions some of the characters—"Palamon, Arcite, Pirithous, Trecotio, Emilia." The part of Emilia was played by a handsome youth of about fourteen years old, and he contrived to obtain possession of some part of the dress of her Majesty's late sister and predecessor, Queen Mary. The Queen was so pleased with the performance of the part that in token of her approbation she presented him with gold pieces to the value of eight pounds. There are also other minor contemporary references to this play, now unfortunately no longer available. The story is that of Chaucer's *Knight's Tale* (probably Edwards's source), and Shakespeare and Fletcher selected the same subject in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. In 1594 Henslowe is recorded to have bought a book of Palamon and Arsetti: this also has been lost.

PALLARRIME (D. 62c), Palermo, once as famous for its razors as was Toledo for its blades. "Neighbour, sharpen the edge tole of your wits upon the whetstone of indiscretion, that your wordes may shine like the rasers of Palermo."—Lodge, *Wounds of Civil War* (1594).

PANTACLE (D. 51c), a corrupt form of pantofle, slipper.

PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVICES (THE). A collection of poems intended, for the most part, for musical setting was published in 1576, ten years after the death of the compiler, Master Richard Edwards (q.v.), the author of *Damon and Pithias* (q.v.), *Palamon and Arcyte* (q.v.), and other works. He was himself a contributor of a not inconsiderable number of items. The book ran through many editions, copies of any of which are of the utmost rarity. Other particulars concerning the work will be found s.v. "Edwards," *ante*. In the British Museum (1087, f. 7) is included, in the 3rd volume of *The British Bibli-*

*grapher*, a reprint of the 1576 edition of *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, edited by Sir Egerton Brydges, and published in 1810. The "advertisement" states that it had been printed *literatim* "from a copy belonging to the Editor, made by the hand of the late eminent George Steevens." The pages of the original are imperfectly numbered, and this peculiarity has been retained in this reprint. The ancient orthography has also been retained, but the punctuation altered where the old punctuation seemed to destroy the sense. The 1596 ed. is the earliest one in the B.M. Collier's edition (B.M. 2326, c. 7, published later) exactly follows the 1576 edition.

PATIENT, "patient your grace" (G. 134a), show patience, be patient. "Patient yourself, Madam, and pardon me."—Shakspeare, *Tit. Andr.* (1588), i. 1. 121.

PEASE, "and 'pease the hateful gods" (G. 122d), appease.

PENNYWORTHS, "I will have my *pennyworths* of thee" (D. 45b), a right equivalent, what's owing and more, one's money's worth. "If you deny me this request I will . . . haue my *peniworths* of them for it."—*Marpr. Epist.* (1588), 27 (Arber).

PESTENS, "'tis a *pestens* quean" (D. 63d), pestilent.

PESTLE OF PORK (D. 64a), gammon of bacon: *pestle*=leg. "You shall as commonly see legges of men hang up, as here with us you shall find *pestels* of porke, or legges of veale."—Healy, *Disc. of a New World* (c. 1610), p. 161.

PIKE, "pike, rise, and walk" (D. 21b), pick.

PITCHER, "The *pitcher* goeth so long to the water that he cometh home broken" (D. 11c), see Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II. 82b, 425a.

PLOT, "a trimmer *plot* I have not seen" (D. 22c), the "view" as laid out before the speaker: usually of a small piece of ground, a plat.

POUCH'D, "cha *pouch'd* them up already" (D. 27b), pocketed. "In January husband that *poucheth* the grotes, Will break up his lay, or be sowing of otes."—Tusser, *Husbandrie* (1557).

# PARADICE

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[Reduced Facsimile of the Title-page of "The Paradise of Dainty Devices" from a Copy of the edition of 1596, now in the British Museum.]

PREASE, "stand close in the *prease*" (D. 35a), crowd: see other volumes of this series.

PRESENTLY, "let us *presently* depart" (G. 143b), at once: cf. *by and by*=immediately. "Presently? Ay, with a twink."—Shakspeare, *Tempest* (1609), iv.

PRETENDED, "the great *pretended* wrong" (G. 118d), intended. "Perill by this salvage man *pretended*."—Spenser, *Fairy Queen* (1596), VI. v. 10.

PRICKETH, "it *pricketh* fast upon noon" (D. 73b), *prick*=to ride rapidly.

PROTRACT, "without *protract*" (G. 132a), delay. "Without further *protract* and dilation of time."—Wyatt, *Works; Henry VIII. to Wyatt* (an. 1529).

QUIDDLE, "we will *quiddle* upon it" (D. 63b), to talk, act, or treat triflingly: cf. *twiddle*, *quibble*, *piddle*. "I doubt not but manie will *quiddle* therepon."—Fleming, *Contn. Holinshed* (1587), III. 1275, 2.

QUINCH, "I care not a *quinch*" (D. 16a), not even a start: from verb=start, *flinch*, *stir*, *move*.

RANDON, "left to *randon*" (G. 114d), to fly at random, go without restraint.

REDE, "neglect the *rede*" (G. 115b), counsel.

REGALS (D. 30a), "a small portable organ formerly in use, having one, or sometimes two, sets of reed-pipes played with keys with the right hand, while a small bellows was worked by the left hand . . . (common c. 1550-1625)." (O.E.D.)

ROASTS, see Rules.

ROBIN RUDDOCKS (D. 55c), robin redbreasts.

ROISTER (D. 3d), swaggerer, bully, rioter.

RUG, "seven ells of *rug*" (D. 55b), a play on "rogue."

RULES, "rules the roasts" (D. 13a), takes the lead. "Jhon, duke of Burgoyn, which ruled the rost, and governed both kyng Charles the Frenche kyng, and his whole realme."—Hall, *Union* (1548), *Henry IV.* f. 30.

SACKVILLE (THOMAS, afterwards Lord Buckhurst, and Earl of Dorset) was born in 1536 at Withyham, in Sussex, and died suddenly at a council meeting in Whitehall in 1608. Being of kin to Queen Anne Bulleyne, he was, in his younger years, brought into contact with Elizabeth. Educated at Oxford and Cambridge, he took his M.A. degree at the fen city. He proceeded to the Inner Temple as a student, and subsequently became a barrister, but in all probability never practised at the Bar. It was, however, during his legal career that he met Norton—one result of which was the joint production of the first historical English tragedy. Thenceforth his career was chiefly political, and so continued to the hour of his somewhat tragic death. Reckless and extravagant in his earlier years, the Queen seems to have "pulled him up" by declaring that, despite her past favours, she would "know him no more till he knew himself." He determined to reform; and, to cut himself adrift from old associations, and become "a thrifty improver of his estate," he went on a Continental tour; this was the "absence" alluded to in the "Publisher to the Reader" (p. 86). He returned in 1566, on the death of his father, and was in 1567 completely reinstated in the royal favour. [For exhaustive memoir see Shakspeare Society's edition of *Gorboduc*.]

SEAT, "this is a pleasant city, The *seat* is good" (D. 22b), site, position, situation. "This castle hath a pleasant *seat*."—Shakspeare, *Macbeth* (1606), i. 6.

SHARP, "doth *sharp* the courage" (G. 97b), quicken, make keen, sharpen. "To *sharpe* my sence."—Spenser, *To the Ladies of the Court*.

SHORT HORSE, "a *short horse* soon curried" (D. 20d), see Heywood, *Works* (E.E.D.S.), II. 23b, 174c.

SITH (*passim*), since.

SORT, "the unchosen and unarmed *sort*" (G. 142d), company, multitude. "Cyaxares—kept a *sort* of Scytmans with him, only for thus purpose, to teach his son Astyages to shoothe."—Ascham, *Toxoph.* (1544), p. 14.

SQUARE, "out of *square*" (D. 51a), uneasy, troubled: see other volumes of this series.

SQUIRRILITY, "servile *squirrility*" (D. 6d)—"fountains of *squirrility*" (D. 46d), scurrility.

STERN, "a ship without a *stern*" (G. 147c), rudder. "And how he lost his steresman, Which that the *sterne*, or he tooke keepe Smote ouer the bord as he sleepe."—Chaucer, *Hous of Fame*, ii.

SWAP, "chill *swap't* off by and by" (D. 56c), i.e. toss it off, gulp it down.

THANK, "ken [or con] me *thank*" (D. 46c), see other volumes of this series.

THIK, "a murrain take *thik* wine" (D. 57c), this: a dialectical form.

THRUST, "you *thrust* my guiltless blood to have" (D. 39b), thirst: Chaucer uses this form (Nares).

TOOTH AND NAIL, "assuring . . . both *with tooth and nail*" (D. 8b), in earnest, to the utmost. "Fight with tooth and nayle."—*Jyl of Brentford's Testiment* (1550), 23 (Furnivall).

TORUP, "torup men for every trifle" (D. 57a), probably Grim's bemused way of saying *interrupt*.

TOYS (*passim*), trifles, whims, fancies, conceits: see *Slang and Its Analogues*, s.v. Toy.

TWAY, "tway hours" (D. 53c), two.

TWICH-BOX (D. 51d), for touch-box: "a receptacle for lighted tinder carried by soldiers for matchlocks" (Halliwell). "When she his flask and *touch-box* set on fire."—*Letting of Humours*, &c. (1600).

TWINK, "with a *twink*" (G. 134b), twinkle.

UNHAPS, "the hugy heaps of these *unhaps*" (G. 148b), misfortunes.

URE, "brought in *ure* of skilful stayedness" (G. 95d), use, practice: see other volumes of this series.

VAIN, "chuld *vain* learn that" (D. 61b), fain.

VARIORUM READINGS, see *Damon and Pithias*.

VARLET, "varlet dyed in grain" (D. 9c), a rogue indeed: cf. "Knav in grain." A parallel passage occurs in Fulwell's *Like Will to Like* (E.E.D.S.), 20a: "There thou mayst be called a knave in grane, And where knaves be scant thou mayst go for twayne."

VINTRY, "Three Cranes of the *Vintry*" (D. 68c), or New Queen Street. Dekker (*Belman of London*, E2) mentions it as a rendezvous for beggars. "From thence shoot the bridge child, to the *Cranes of the Vintry*, And see there the gimblets how they make their entry!"—Tonson, *Devil is an Ass* (1616), i. 1.

VOR, for: see Cha.

VORTY (D. 54c), forty: see Cha.

VOX (D. 58b), fox: see Cha.

WASHING-BALL (D. 62b), a kind of cosmetic used in washing the face (Halliwell).

WATER, (a) "a pot with *water*" (D. 61b), wine is meant.

(b) see Pitcher.

WATER-BOUGETS (55c), vessels anciently used by soldiers for carrying water in long marches and across deserts; and also by water-carriers to convey water from the conduits to the houses of the citizens.

YORK, see Hog's flesh.

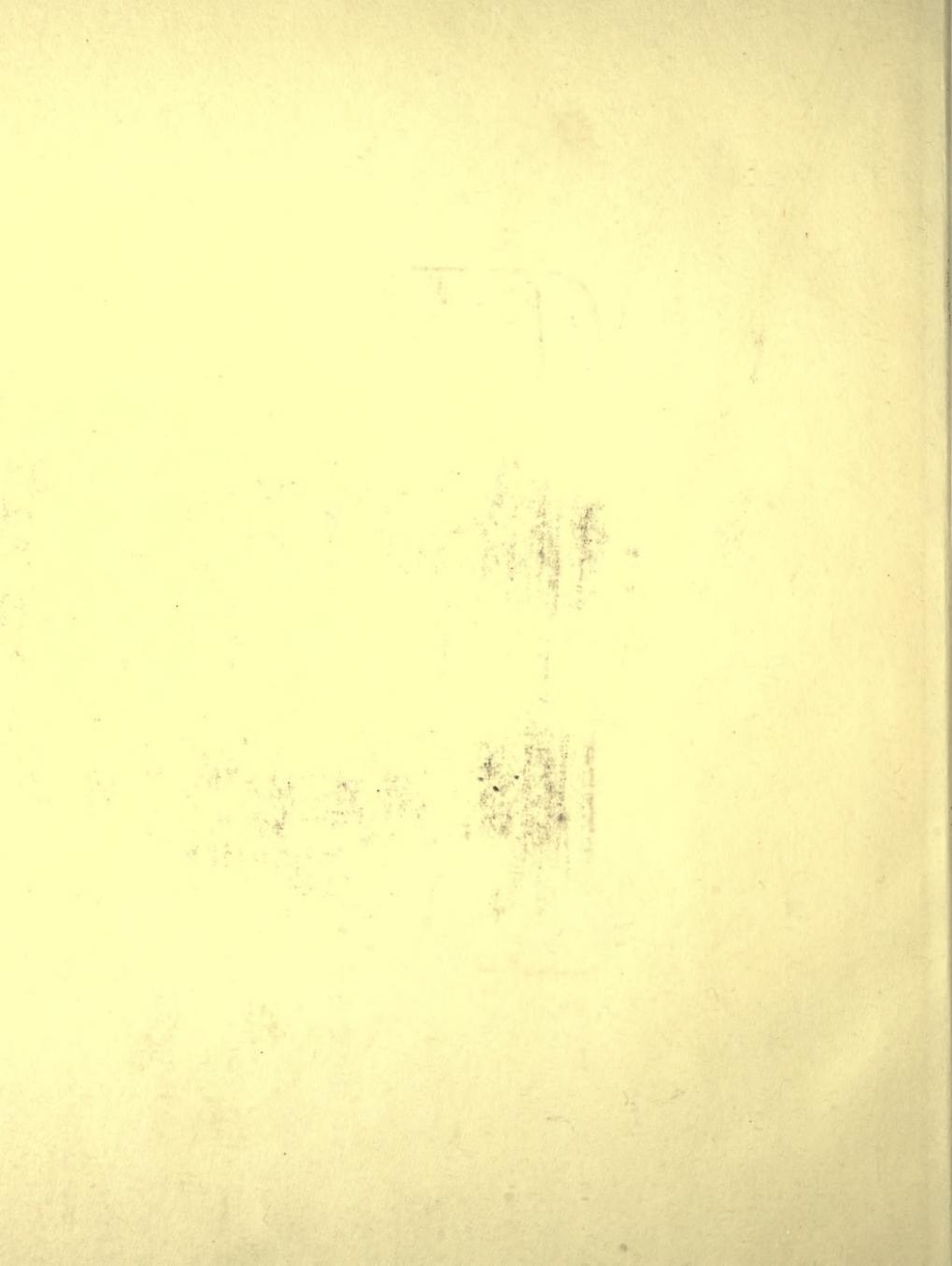
ZONAM, see Variorum Readings to *Damon and Pithias*.











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